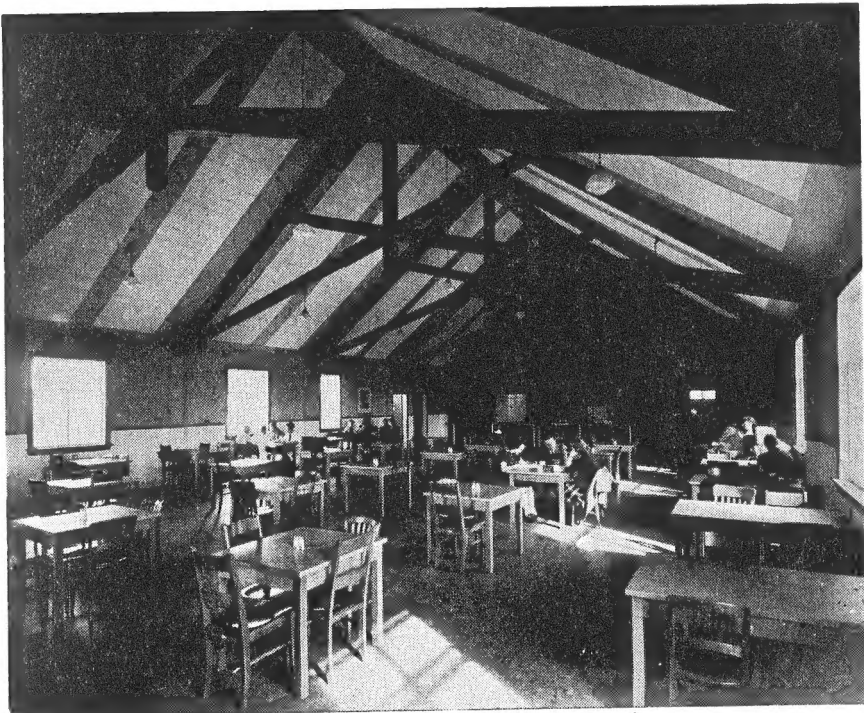


The New Trail



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Blazes!

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Bituminous Sands to the Fore Again

By K. A. Clark

Alberta bituminous sands are in the news again. This has been a recurring event during the past twenty-five years. It has occurred in the past as each business cycle has turned around to its buoyant phase and when there has been the money and enthusiasm for the more speculative enterprises. The present occurrence is related to the war.

Many people wonder, no doubt, why the bituminous sands remain undeveloped in spite of their great extent, the vast quantity of oil which they contain, and the repeated attention which has been directed toward them. The general answer to that question is that the prospects for profit from the development have not been sufficiently alluring to lead to the application to the bituminous sands of the quantities of money and technical work which are necessary for success. The oil industry has not had to go into inaccessible places for an inferior quality of oil for its refineries. However, each time that the bituminous sands come under review their location is regarded as less remote than formerly, and the quality of their oil is considered more attractive. Some time development will be undertaken in earnest. Maybe it will be this time.

There are some technical difficulties which deter the undertaking of bituminous sand development. The oil industry is used to getting its oil from wells. The oil in the bituminous sands cannot be got that way. The sands must be quarried and their oil recovered from them by some oil-sand separation process. The oil industry has had little experience with such operations and is reluctant to start acquiring it. The oil from the sands is more difficult to refine into petroleum products than most of the crudes that are got from wells. But this matter is being taken care of by the steady progress which the oil industry is making in the study of refining processes. The industry can turn the bituminous-sand oil into gasoline and the other related commodities at any time that it becomes minded to do so.

It is to the interest of the people of Alberta that its natural resources be developed, and the taking of steps in aid of such development is a function of its government. Regarding aid to bituminous sand development, an obvious step is study of the technical problem which is peculiar to the sands and which will be studied only by those anxious for their development, namely, the separation of oil from sand in the quarried material. The Government of Alberta created the Research Council of Alberta in 1920; among the tasks assigned to it was the bituminous sand separation problem. Good progress was made culminating in the erection and operation of a small pilot separation plant at a bituminous sand quarry during 1930. The depression put an end to the work. In fact it pretty well put an end to the Research Council. Fortunately, a private enterprise, Abasand Oils, Ltd., became involved in bituminous sand development before the depression struck and struggled along keeping interest alive. The Research Council of Alberta was re-established in 1942, and its bituminous sand studies are under way again.

Now the bituminous sands are being caught up by the situation created by the war and are being tossed around in puzzling fashion as that situation changes. Everyone is aware of the fact that there is a shortage of petroleum products. Gasoline is rationed, houses cannot be heated by oil burners, and highways are not being maintained for lack of road oils. A disastrous shortage in Western Canada was threatened when Japan entered the war and our west coast was in imminent danger of destructive raids. Under those circumstances it was natural that attention should have turned to the bituminous sands which for years had been publicized as containing the world's largest single source of oil and as standing out in plain sight just waiting to be used. The federal government took steps toward the establishment, with all possible speed, of a large development which would make a real contribution to the oil supplies of the country. It was not a matter of whether the project would be technically perfect or financially sound; it was a matter of getting the oil which the war situation required. While these steps were being made, the war picture changed. The Japanese menace did not materialize, and the urgency of the project evaporated. The project was not abandoned, however. A long view of bituminous sand development was substituted for that of immediate need, probably for a reason that will be mentioned presently. The plan to undertake large-scale quarrying and separation operations was changed to one for pilot plant operations for perfecting technique and obtaining design data. For this purpose the quarry and plant of Abasand Oils, Ltd., was taken over by the federal government. Such changes of plans in mid-course cannot be made, without disturbance, by the most adaptable of organizations. That the cumbersome machinery of a dominion government involved in war should knock and clatter in the process is probably to be expected. It can only be hoped that the necessary adjustments can be made before the power is turned off and that something useful will result from the effort.

When the war ends and we are faced with its aftermath, one of the depressing spectacles is going to be depleted natural resources. Among these none has taken a worse beating than the crude oil reserves of this continent. The situation has been delineated by Harold L. Ickes, Petroleum Administrator for the United States, in his statement that his country's oil reserves equal about thirteen times the present annual consumption. Barring the discoveries of new, very prolific oil fields, it seems evident that real difficulty in meeting current demands from domestic supplies will continue even with the return of peace. In the face of this prospect the United States government has appropriated millions of dollars for the study of supplementary sources of oil including oil shale and coal. "The great oil sand deposit of the friendly neighbor to the north" gets frequent mention by American technical writers. The rather serious situation regarding the oil reserves of this continent was probably a factor in the decision of our federal government to continue its interest in the bituminous sands even though the danger that started the interest had passed us by.

So Alberta bituminous sands are news again. Possibly this is the time they will continue to hold attention until the development which Albertans have long awaited becomes a reality.

The Electron Microscope and its Application to Research

By D. B. Scott

In the past fifteen years a completely new method of approach to the region of the small, has laid bare such minute detail as was previously considered unapproachable. The new research tool which makes this possible is the electron microscope, one of the most interesting achievements of modern physics. It is no exaggeration to say that a human hair under the magnification of the electron microscope would be made to appear as large as the Statue of Liberty. Or that the edge of a well honed razor blade, when photographed with the electron microscope, has the jagged and uneven appearance of the western skyline, as viewed from the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. However, one must not infer from this that anyone is interested in making human hairs appear as large as the Statue of Liberty, or that the electron microscope offers only the entertainment value obtained by photographing the edge of a razor blade.

Ever since man has been able to think, he has been intensely interested in his surroundings. But always in his quest for new knowledge he has been hampered by the limitations of his own senses. Astronomy, one of the most ancient of man's scientific interests, was studied for many thousands of years before the invention of the telescope. But the only approach ancient man had to the study of astronomy was the use of his two eyes. Now anyone who has looked at the stars through a modern telescope will readily agree that the naked eye is a pretty poor instrument by comparison. It is not surprising, therefore, that in spite of the thousands of years of interest in astronomy, our knowledge of the subject as it exists today is largely what has been discovered since the invention of the telescope.

Microscopy, which is the study of things in the region of the very small, is no such ancient science as astronomy. It is not more than 300 years old. The reason is not hard to find. Before the invention of the microscope it was not possible, by any means whatever, to get even a very poor view of particles too small to be seen by the naked eye. Therefore the science of microscopy had to wait for the invention of the microscope. With the simultaneous invention of the telescope and the microscope, purely by chance in about 1600, it became immediately possible to penetrate into the region of the very distant on the one hand, and into the region of the very small on the other. Thus the telescope and the microscope are two of the many inventions man has devised to free himself from the very limitations of his own senses.

The ordinary microscope that we normally think of, uses light, and glass lenses. The specimen to be examined is placed on a support beneath the microscope, and illuminated from below. The light which passes through the specimen is then focussed by means of the lenses in the microscope, forming a very much magnified image of the specimen. There are two stages of magnification, and there is a set of lenses for each stage. The first set forms a magnified image of a part of the specimen,

and the second set then takes a part of this magnified image and magnifies it further, forming the final image to be viewed by the eye. The best magnification obtained with the best type of light microscope is X2000. That is, a line in the final image appears 2000 times as long as the corresponding line in the original specimen. Thus, detail in the specimen which is much too small to be seen by the naked eye is made visible when viewed through the microscope.

Now the question which immediately arises is this: What about the detail which is still too small to be seen even in this magnified image? Surely it is obvious that if one constructed a microscope with three, or four, or even five stages of magnification, the final image could be formed with a magnification of X10,000, X100,000 or even X1,000,000. Then why doesn't somebody do this? The answer to this question lies at the root of the whole of microscopy. It is found that there is a certain useful magnification, and to go beyond this point is merely a vexation of spirit. True, the final image can be made larger at will. But beyond a magnification of X2000, no further detail is brought out. And since the microscopist is interested in exposing the detail in the specimen, and not in producing huge images of it, the microscope is designed to give the total magnification necessary to do this, and no more. This does not mean that all the detail in the specimen has been exposed. It does mean that of all the wealth of extremely minute detail in the specimen, the light microscope abstracts and adequately magnifies only that which is larger than a certain minimum value. Therefore, there must be some inherent deficiency in the light microscope which prevents it from getting at extremely small detail. And this is actually the case. Moreover, this deficiency is quite inescapable. It arises from the simple fact that the light microscope uses light.

It has been known for more than 100 years that light has associated with it, a sort of wave motion. This wave motion can be compared, very roughly, with water waves, with crests and troughs occurring alternately. The distance between two adjacent crests in a series of light waves is of course very much shorter than the corresponding distance for water waves. This distance, called the wavelength of the light, is the limiting factor in the use of the microscope. It is found that the size of the detail which the light microscope can pick out is directly proportional to the wavelength of the light used. Therefore, in order to be able to examine smaller and smaller detail in a specimen, it is necessary to use light with shorter and shorter wavelength. But in doing this, very great technical difficulties arise. Many of these problems have been solved, but there still remain others whose solution appears hopeless. While it is always bad practice to say about any field of science that future developments are impossible, it nevertheless seems possible to say just that about the light microscope. The future of the light microscope is of course assured. It will never cease to be useful. But one is fairly safe in saying that no major improvement of its present form, can ever be hoped for.

Then what about the detail which the light microscope does not expose? Are we to be forever barred from investigating it? The answer to that question is the electron microscope.

At the outset, one must realize that the electron microscope is *not* an instrument designed to look at electrons. It is an instrument designed

to expose ultra-fine detail in a specimen, and one which uses electrons instead of light to do it. This appears very strange at first sight, especially when it is recalled that any microscope which is to disclose more detail than the light microscope, must do it as a result of using a shorter wavelength than that of light. What have electrons to do with a wavelength? It is well known that electrons are the smallest particles of matter yet detected, and that they carry a negative charge. It is perhaps not so generally known, but it is nonetheless one of the most spectacular discoveries of modern physics, that a beam of moving electrons has a wavelength associated with it.

In addition to that, this wavelength is extremely short, much shorter than that of light. Since this is the case, it should be possible to show finer detail in a specimen with electrons, than it is possible to show with light. And all that is required in addition, to use electrons in a microscope, is a set of focussing lenses. It was not long after the discovery of the wave nature associated with moving electrons, that electronic lenses were designed. There are two types, but the one most generally used is the so-called magnetic lens. In this type the fast moving electrons are passed through a magnetic field of special design. The action of the magnetic field on the electrons is such as to change their direction and bring them to a focus.

In some respects the electron microscope is very similar to the light microscope. There are two stages of magnification, and a lens is required for each stage. The optical principles involved in both microscopes are very similar. But the big difference between the two is that the wavelength associated with electrons is very much smaller than that associated with light. As a result, the electron microscope is able to expose detail 30 times smaller than the smallest detail exposed by the very best type of light microscope. The final magnification necessary to make all this detail visible to the eye may run as high as X100,000.

It is not easy to see what that means. The smallest detail revealed is less than one ten-millionth of an inch in length. Such smallness is completely outside the realm of human conception. All we can do by way of understanding it is to agree that it is very, very small indeed. We do know that it approaches the size of the atoms themselves. There is even hope that with improvement of the electron microscope we shall actually be able to photograph the atom. To forecast the future and importance of the electron microscope is quite impossible. It was certainly not in the mind of the inventor of the light microscope in 1590, that 70 years later the capillary flow of blood would be demonstrated by means of it. And how remote from the thinking in 1590 was the idea of chromosomes! These immensely important building blocks of biological cells were not discovered by the microscope until nearly 300 years had elapsed after its invention. The situation with the electron microscope is similar. We can't say what it will do for us, because as a general rule, we don't know what we are going to discover before we discover it. But we do know that the future of the electron microscope will be brilliant. How can it fail to be? Scientists have for years been trying to get at the ultra-fine detail beyond the limit of the light microscope, and now the electron microscope has opened up the way.

In industrial chemistry, the electron microscope has already been of considerable service in examining the size and shape of very small particles. Finely divided carbon particles are used as a reinforcing agent of rubber, and the success of the result depends on the fineness of division of the particles, and their uniformity. Not all methods used for producing these small carbon particles give satisfactory results, and the particles are much too small to be examined by the light microscope. Therefore the electron microscope is used to distinguish between suitable and unsuitable particles, and to say why some are suitable and others not. With this knowledge, chemists are able to decide how best to produce the ones they want.

At the University of Alberta there is immediate use for one of these instruments. During the past ten years the Department of Field Crops has been working on the problem of determining the factors involved in the growth of wheat. It is known that with a given type of wheat, the quality of the grain produced varies enormously over the different parts of the province. In the study of the wheat gluten from different growing zones, the Department of Field Crops has reached the stage where it requires photographs of the molecular aggregates in the elementary particles of the structure of the gluten. The electron microscope is the only tool which can be used to photograph such small particles.

This is only one example of the use which would be made of the electron microscope if we had one at the University of Alberta. In general, one may say that an institution without modern research equipment will be reduced to the level of doing third rate research, or none at all. While the University of Alberta is a small university, it nevertheless aspires to a higher level than that of merely teaching what is done elsewhere.

The electron microscope is of special interest to Canadians because the pioneer research work on this continent was done at the University of Toronto. There is also a particular interest in it for the people of Alberta, because two of the three original research students who worked on the instrument at Toronto are graduates in Honours Physics from the University of Alberta. A good deal of the early theoretical and experimental work was done in Germany in the late 1920's and the early 1930's, and the idea of an electron microscope must be considered to have originated there. But the first work on this continent was done under the direction of Dr. E. F. Burton, Head of the Department of Physics, at the University of Toronto. C. E. Hall, who graduated from the University of Alberta in 1935, was the first research student to assist Dr. Burton with the problem. After a year at Toronto, Hall joined the research staff of Eastman Kodak in Rochester, where he is at present. Then in 1937, Albert Prebus, also from this University, and James Hillier of Toronto, collaborated to continue the work. They were so successful that Prebus was subsequently lured to Ohio State University, where he is at present Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering, his job being to direct the operation of the electron microscope. Hillier was picked off by the Radio Corporation of America where he has played a considerable part in the design of a new electron microscope which is now available commercially.

We at the University of Alberta are anxiously awaiting the time when the University will be able to get one of these new instruments.

The Engineering Soil Testing Laboratory

By R. M. Hardy

This article is the result of a protracted discussion between the Editor of *The New Trail* and the writer. Just how a reader, even though he follows it through to the bitter end, will be able to influence the argument is somewhat obscure. However, a deluge of new subscriptions (not to mention cancellations) would undoubtedly have a marked influence on the Editor's ideas.

The point at issue is whether or not a simple description of recent changes and improvements within an Engineering department at the University would be of more than passing interest to Applied Science Alumni and perchance to Alumni in general. The guinea pig selected for experiment is the Soil Testing Laboratory of the department of Civil Engineering. The reasons for the choice are two-fold: first, the laboratory is comparatively new, and second, it has been subject to continuous improvement to the extent that even a graduate of last year would find change as of today.

The laboratory was started in 1932 by Professor I. F. Morrison. In the years following it was developed by Dr. K. A. Clark and others. During 1939-40 the writer spent a sabbatical year studying Soil Mechanics, and since then the laboratory has been further improved. It is at present, in fact, being more or less completely reorganized.

The purpose of the laboratory is to determine the engineering properties of soils. More specifically it is a laboratory in which tests are run for classification purposes, for the stress-deformation characteristics, for the shearing strengths and consolidation properties of soils. These are all of importance in modern methods for the design of earth dams, highway and railway embankments, and foundations of buildings and bridges on unconsolidated material.

Some of the problems arising in practice which have resulted in soil samples being submitted to us for tests may illustrate somewhat more explicitly the purpose of such a laboratory. One group of samples sent to us for a comprehensive set of soil tests was from the site of a rather important industrial plant where some types of buildings settle from two to three feet in the five year period following their completion. The mere testing of the soil, of course, will not make it possible to prevent such settlements. However, a knowledge of the soil properties at this site will permit estimates to be made of the magnitude of settlement to be expected under a particular building. Moreover, such information may permit future foundations and buildings to be erected which will not be damaged by settlement. Another problem referred to us recently concerns the flow of the foundation of a railroad track. The material on which the roadbed was built is such that at certain times of year the soil flows laterally from under the roadbed and pushes up in a wave on either side of it. Tests on samples of this material may be expected to yield results that will permit an intelligent effort to be made to prevent this type of failure of the soil. They will indicate what benefit, if any, may be

expected from drainage, whether or not effective drainage is possible, and what would be the effect of increased ballasting of the track.

Much in the line of classification tests and data developed by the agricultural soil scientist can be used by the engineer working in soils. However, one familiar with soil testing for agricultural purposes will recognize that the agriculturist is not interested in the strength of the load-carrying capacities of soils. Moreover, the engineer is concerned with the properties of material at greater depths below the surface than is the agriculturist. The two types of scientist are on common ground in so far as the classification of soils is concerned. Beyond this, however, they have distinct fields of interest.

Geologists, of course, have for many years concerned themselves with the characteristics of unconsolidated materials, that is, soils. Geologists and engineers interested in such materials have much in common. However, the geologist concerns himself with qualitative properties while the engineer is more interested in quantitative characteristics of soils. For example, a geologist may state that unconsolidated material in a certain area is subject to slumping or sliding. The engineer is interested in the shearing strength of the material as an actual quantitative value for the material. Knowing this he can make a computation on the stability of an embankment of the material against sliding.

A layman might quite reasonably ask how it is that the properties of soil have not been determined years ago, in the same manner as they have been for steel, timber, and concrete. The answer to this is that the complexity of soil characteristics and the variations of types within very small areas have prevented the use of a few simplified tests from which the physical properties of a soil may be deduced. It is only within the past twenty-five years that testing procedures have been developed that are adequate to permit the determination of soil characteristics with a sufficient degree of accuracy for practical use. Consequently earthwork engineering has been and still is on a highly empirical basis. It is presently practised as an art rather than as a science. The result has been that major and minor failures of earth structures occur to an extent that would be almost unbelievable to a layman. In fact scarcely a year passes without one or more disastrous failures of such works. Moreover, the waste resulting from ultra-safe structures due to the uncertainty of the action of soils is probably a more important economic factor than the more spectacular failures.

The science of Soil Mechanics is at present in a state such that there is a distinct gap between theory and practice. The theories of soil action are now fairly well developed, but it remains to test their validity and adequacy under actual practical conditions. The University is attempting to fulfil two distinct functions in the elimination of this gap. First, we attempt to give students graduating in Civil Engineering a thorough background in the testing of soils as well as a sound theoretical grounding in Soil Mechanics. While it is, of course, a slow process to improve the knowledge of the group of engineers in practice in this way, it nevertheless is beginning to show results. Secondly, we are attempting to build up a library, as it were, of soil data. This is done by utilizing as many oppor-

tunities as time permits for securing soil samples from engineering projects in this part of the country. The properties of such samples are then determined in the laboratory. It is submitted that both these functions may be justifiably undertaken by a state supported institution.

The value of this second function will be readily appreciated when it is realized that the soils of this area have their own peculiar properties, and in many cases require special test techniques for their testing. Considerable progress is being made along this line. During the past year in addition to running tests on soil samples from the Edmonton area for use in design of airport runways and building foundations, we have run tests on soil samples from South America and from various sites in the area north of Edmonton which has been so rapidly developed since the war. Equipment for some tests has been in use almost continuously, twenty-four hours a day, for the past year.

Foundation problems incidental to the many war construction projects in this country have emphasized to practising engineers the necessity of a more adequate knowledge of soil properties. Unfortunately, in many cases the time factor has been a deterrent to the conducting of the necessary soil investigations. This situation will probably not be such an important item in the post-war period. In view of the many highway and irrigation projects now contemplated for this period, it is anticipated there will be an accelerating demand for information that can only be secured from soil tests. Earthwork engineers are presently in much the same predicament as was Leonardo da Vinci four hundred years ago when he said:

*To will is foolish
Where there's no power to do.*

The Oxford of Our Province

By F. G. R.

To one who has never been so fortunate as to have the opportunity of attending any University, it would seem that much of the "influence of a University" derives from its collective, communal life. The "fellowship of kindred minds," which find their common interests and in a sense their natural level, first on the general fundamental basis of the Arts, and later in prescribed or chosen fields of more specialized studies or recreations, would appear to the outsider to be so enormous and so far-reaching in its hold upon one's affec-

tions and in its impact upon character, as to be utterly vital in this question of influence. So vital, indeed, that without these agencies, privileges, channels of approach, a university might seem virtually powerless to exercise any; and would exist in the mind as a mere geographical agglomeration, a place on the map, to which one went as to another world, to hear speakers on occasion or perhaps to borrow books.

But however much this might appear to be inevitable, it is not necessarily true. In the present writer's

own case, it would actually be untrue. But while perhaps with the ordinary intramural student the "atmosphere" of the university penetrates unconsciously into one's spiritual sense, as it were independently of the direct human associations with tutors and lecturers, who themselves become a part of it rather than active agents in the process; to the outsider who is not even "extramural" in the usual technical interpretation, this growth or development probably follows an entirely different course. In whatever degree this "atmosphere," the soul of the thing, ultimately grips hold of any one of us, in my own case at least this must be traced, as to a focal point, to the human agents with whom I was brought into contact.

For myself, there can be no possible doubt as to who constituted this first focal point. Such terms as respect, honour, esteem, applied to this man, savour altogether too much of the cold formal eulogy of the illuminated testimonial. The only fitting phrase is—the beloved Librarian. It has been my immeasurable good fortune to have known him since a time when many of the present Faculty were still students and when many or most of the present students were not yet born. I well remember that autumn day in 1921. I had reached the end of my tether in the two other Edmonton public libraries—City and Provincial—on a subject in which I was deeply interested. I knew nothing of the usual routine procedure of any university library, nor what might be the attitude toward the Gentiles in the outer courts; whether or no they might think it fitting to take the childrens' meat and cast it to the dogs! I fell back upon the reflection that if I were denied, I should at least be no worse off than before. To those who know D. E. Cameron, it

is needless to describe my reception at his hands. We have been fast friends ever since.

Through him, I have since come to know many others; and as embodying for me the influence of the University in that communicating sense to which I have referred, these men have exhibited one outstanding quality, above all others. That is, the democracy of the intellectual aristocrat. "Joe Wright" of Oxford—which indicates no less a man than the late Dr. Joseph Wright, editor of the monumental *English Dialect Dictionary*—was wont to say that Oxford was the most democratic place in the world, since one had only to work to be anything he chose. He himself furnished a test case probably without parallel; unable to read at fourteen, and at thirty selected by an erudite German *savant* as the *most* (for *only*) competent scholar to translate the Teuton's ponderous philological treatise into English; and Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, without a degree, some three years later, eventually succeeding his chief, Max Müller.

The University is the Oxford of our Province. It should not be forgotten that its Faculty has included many of national, and some of international fame; and now contains others who seem destined beyond doubt to achieve such recognition. It is no mere idle flattery to speak of an intellectual aristocracy. To the present writer at least, it is refreshing, or rather, it is soul-heartening, to contrast such men—and not in this respect alone—with other (self-constituted) "aristocracies," particularly some of those organizations where one must be a titular such-and-such before he can join them.

An apologist for a Joseph Wright might very justly put forward a *claim* to academic recognition on his part,

based upon substantial and actual achievements. I myself dare make no such claim; and can advance nothing more tangible than strenuous and, I hope, not unworthy effort, which yet awaits consummation in more permanent form. In some cases, the generous treatment I have received has come from those who were professionally competent to form technical judgments; in others, they could recognize effort while not critics of conclusions. For nobody is readier than your university scholar to acknowledge ignorance of things outside his chosen spheres; it is the *ignoramus* who is as near as is humanly possible to knowing nothing, who pretends to know everything. To be acclaimed as a man and a brother by such a body of scholars, regardless of one's educational limitations, social standing

—or its lack—or professional avocations in the “black squad,” is no light thing; at least to the recipient of such kindnesses. It would have been so easy for them to “put on dog” by virtue of their much higher status, or to retire into some inner sanctuary of their own exclusiveness; easy, that is, but for the trifling obstacle of their being unable to act in such a manner. I have personally become acquainted with other instances of a similar free comradeship, including many cases where nothing that could be academically acceptable was even being attempted.

With such a spirit, a real “Republic of Letters” becomes conceivable. The University has laid and is laying its foundations. It is doing a work of which the end is not yet.

AFTER-MATH (AND ALL THOSE OTHER SUBJECTS)

By F. D. Shelton

<i>Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,</i>	<i>Recessional.</i>
<i>Lest we forget. Always my memory owns</i>	
<i>The uncertain glory of an April day—</i>	<i>2 Gents, 2, 3.</i>
<i>Ichabod, Ichabod and Ichabod!</i>	
<i>Thinketh: the glory hath departed;</i>	<i>Setebos.</i>
<i>I stand for sacrifice. The present brilliance</i>	<i>M of V, 3, 2, 57.</i>
<i>By revolution lowering, does become</i>	
<i>The opposite of itself. That inward eye,</i>	<i>Ant & Cl, 1, 2, 126.</i>
<i>That waxen table whereon all my thoughts</i>	<i>Daffodils.</i>
<i>Were visibly characterized and engraved</i>	<i>T.G., 2, 7, 34.</i>
<i>Is now blocked out, I die pronouncing it,</i>	<i>Dick 2, 2, 1, 59.</i>
<i>With inky blots. Professors will exclaim,</i>	<i>Ibid, 2, 1, 64.</i>
<i>Marking my tests: "O Hell! What have we here?"</i>	<i>M. of V., 3, 7.</i>
<i>Is this thy work? The object poisons sight."</i>	<i>Oth. 3, 2, 365.</i>
<i>But men are men, the best sometimes forget;</i>	<i>Ibid, 2, 3, 241.</i>
<i>E'en so by quizzes, young and tender wit</i>	
<i>Is turned to folly, that my screeds will bring</i>	<i>T.G. of V, 1, 1, 148.</i>
<i>Their grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave;</i>	<i>Genesis.</i>
<i>And after that, the deluge . . . When upon</i>	<i>"Count Your</i>
<i>Life's billows I am tempest-toss'd, I'll muse:</i>	<i>Many Blessings."</i>
<i>Others abide the question; I am free</i>	<i>Arnold.</i>
<i>To sport with Amaryllis in the shade.</i>	<i>Milton.</i>

For God's sake let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
 Let's talk of graves, of ships and sealing wax,
 Of cabbages, and worms, and epitaphs . . .
 If in my youth I never had pursu'd
 The means of weakness and debility,
 But in the tasks of real life had wrought
 Upon the plan that pleas'd my boyish thought,
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Abode by that resolve, and stopp'd not there,
 But made my moral being my prime care;
 If I had forced my heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve their turn long after they were gone,
 Or utilized the time I've lost in wooing,

In watching and pursuing

The light that lies

In woman's eyes,

Which was my heart's undoing—bear with me!

My mind is up the river with my Shakespeare,

And I must pause for station identification.

I fear our happiness

Is at its highest peak . . . I will not cease
 From mental fight; it matters not how strait
 The gate, how charged with minuses the scroll,
 Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
 I will not rest from travail. I will drink
 Such stuff as dreams are made of, in the hols.
 Cowards die many times before their death;
 The valiant only taste of death but once.
 Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!
 If this stern test before us we should pass,
 We shall go down in History—anyway.

Dick 2, 3, 2.

Alice.

As You Like It.

Wordsworth: Happy W.

Tennyson: Ulysses.

Happy Warrior.

Traditional.

Moore.

J. Caesar.

CBC.

Dick 2.

Blake: 'Milton.'

Henley: 'Invictus.'

Macbeth.

Ulysses.

Midsummer p.m.

J. Caesar.

H4.



Red Cross Serum Separating Centre for Alberta

By George Hunter, Director

Blood from one person can be introduced or transfused to the circulation of another person with safety under certain conditions. One of these is that the blood of donor and of recipient be of the same "type." There are four blood types. Assuming that a wounded soldier has his blood type marked on his identification badge, all four types would need to be at hand to be sure the right one was available to give a transfusion. Such is one of the disadvantages of using blood, or more emphatically "whole blood" for transfusion. Another disadvantage is that whole blood does not keep very long, even in the absence of bacteria. It should be used within a week or two after removal from the donor. The Russians, who have been pioneers in this subject, claim they can keep blood good for about a month, and, despite the disadvantages mentioned, their great transfusion services are largely with whole blood. However, they are not *preparing* for the opening of a second front. From their continual war their wounded come in a continuous stream which is met by the constant flow of blood from the civilian population.

The main difficulty in keeping whole blood is to maintain intact the little packets (red corpuscles) that hold the red pigment (hemoglobin). When blood clots, the clot contracts, and squeezes out a pale yellow fluid called serum, by a process similar in some respects to the clotting of milk and the expression of whey. More than half the volume of clotted blood is serum. Its administration to the wounded is in most cases as beneficial as the administration of whole blood, and in cases of burns, which are very frequent in this war, and in shock from other causes, serum is indeed better than whole blood. Other advantages of serum over whole blood are:

Sera from individuals of the different blood types can be mixed, or pooled. The mixture can be administered without "typing" either donor or recipient.

Sterile serum keeps for many months without freezing and indefinitely in the frozen condition. (Whole blood can not be frozen without damage to the red corpuscles.)

Serum can be dried and kept indefinitely in this condition. (Whole blood cannot be dried without damage to the red corpuscles.)

Whole clotted blood cannot be shipped by rail even as far as Toronto without much damage.

The *raison d'être* of a serum separating centre here may thus be emerging for the reader. There are similar centres in Vancouver, Saskatoon, and Winnipeg.

A word about the national set-up. The supply of dried blood serum to the fighting forces is the concern of the Dominion Government. The Connaught Laboratories in Toronto are under special contracts with the Government with regard to the preparation and supply of dried serum. The part played by the Red Cross is the organization for the supply of blood or serum to the Connaught Labs. Throughout Canada there are over 100 Blood Donor Clinics (to date 6 in Alberta), and nearly 140 sub-clinics or mobile units (to date 1 in Alberta). The service started in

1941, towards the end of which there were about 2,000 donations per week for the whole Dominion. By the end of 1942 about 6,000 donations a week were collected, at the end of last year 15,000, and at present 20,000 bloods a week are given by Canadians. For this tremendous service (over a million bloods should be collected in 1944), the Canadian Red Cross has budgeted for only \$750,000 for this year.

Now I can say a little about the Centre here. It was late fall before we got it started. Before that, however, Dr. R. C. Riley in Calgary had a Clinic organized and was shipping over 200 bloods a week to the Saskatoon centre for separation. In October all the bloods collected in Alberta were switched to the Centre here. At present we receive bloods from Clinics in Calgary, Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Banff, and Edmonton, and in addition from a mobile unit in Calgary that operates as far north as Red Deer. This week (March 11-18) we received 778 bloods from the Province and are thus abreast of our Western neighbors in the Canadian Blood Donor Service. We expect to be handling about 1,000 bloods a week in April.

What we do in the Centre here is really a very simple thing—merely separate the blood serum from the clot. The sera from about 30 donors are pooled into a bottle holding about a gallon, and such bottles shipped to Toronto. Of course, precautions have to be taken that no bacteria get in in the process, and there are some other things to think about. Six girls are full time on the job, and up to now we have had the assistance of two women students for two hours both morning and afternoons as voluntary war workers. In such a simple thing as we are doing, it is surprising how much has to be done. It would be quite futile for me to try to describe here the technical details of the job. The Lab. is open for those interested enough to see for themselves the work in process.

If I ever lived in an ivory tower as University professors are imputed to do, I don't seem to live there now. The last six months have brought me in touch with people I never suspected to exist in reality. I mean voluntary workers of many kinds. Not the kind of people who used to do "slumming" as a fashionable pastime, but real people doing real jobs—for nothing and not much glamor. The very existence of our Centre depends upon them. Think of the donors alone. Maybe there's not much to giving a pint of blood—for nothing—but there's something thrilling in the thought of 20,000 Canadians doing so each week to help their comrades destroy barbaric fascism. Our little Centre is dependent on extra work on the part of those doing the sterilization in the University Hospital, it puts an extra load on the workers in our Provincial Laboratories, and it is at times liable to be a headache to our Administration and Works Department. And last, most loved of all, are the Alberta Women's Service Corps in command of Mrs. Stewart Dunn, who eat fire and spit it, and are always on the job.

It wouldn't be a real world if we didn't hear occasional irresponsible and even malicious remarks about this blood work. If you hear that the blood is not really needed, that a lot of it is being wasted, that "some people" are getting a "rake off" on it, and tales like that, I think you might be at least sceptical. You could be even more useful in reporting such rumor mongers.

On the Teaching of Languages in the University of Alberta

FRENCH II.

By Edouard Sonet

When the Editor asked me whether I should like to write an article on the teaching of French in our university, I had two good reasons for eagerly accepting his offer. I thought then that writing for *The New Trail* would afford me a unique opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with thousands of ex-students who in the course of the last thirty years have survived the ordeal of French II (or V & VI as this course used to be called), and also I thought that it was high time that some of the teachers of this province and the general public should be enlightened on the difficulties we have to face in our attempt to give our first year students the foundations, which we consider absolutely indispensable, for a profitable further study of the French Language and Literature.

All the ex-students of French II will smile when reminded of the first introductory lecture to the course. A few variations have been, in the course of time, introduced into that first lecture, but the substance has remained the same:

"Ladies and gentlemen: . . . The course of French II that you are taking this year is in itself very uninteresting. . . . It is pure drudgery. . . . This year you will learn how to play the scales on the piano, and that is not very interesting, especially for the neighbours. . . . The tendency today is to make things easy for students and to avoid difficulties; in other words, we are advised not to give any more castor oil and to replace it by orangeade. . . . Well! I disagree with the present tendency; we shall learn how to overcome difficulties, for I still believe in the use of castor oil. . . . Never forget this French proverb: 'On ne fait pas boire une âne quand il n'a pas soif'. . . ." And three months later after some students have made monstrous mistakes in elementary grammar: "My word! This is the worst class I ever, etc., etc." I never expected that this rather severe remark addressed to my class would, one day, turn to my own confusion. Last year as I was repeating: "This is positively the worst class . . ." I was interrupted by the voice of a charming young lady who said gently: "But, Sir, I think you said the same thing when my mother attended your class." This time the joke was on me, and I had nothing to do but join the chorus of laughter. After that incident, I promised myself never to make any more bad remarks about the standard of my class. Yet I am none too certain that I shall not fall again into my old sin, for as Boileau rightly says: "Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop."

Some modern educationalists will frown on hearing of such a strange introduction to a course and will not hesitate to condemn the old fossil who seems to refuse to swim with the tide of progress. They will point with great pride to the new methods which during the last twenty-five years have marked the various phases of this uninterrupted progress: classical method, natural method, thought-unit method, direct method, scientific French, medical French, etc. They may even add that only a few years

ago *reading only* was to be emphasized, while today *speaking* is the all important thing.

Before answering these criticisms, it is necessary to have well in mind, the aim pursued by universities in regard to languages. In Europe, where foreign languages are taught in secondary schools (*Lycée* and *Gymnasium*) from six to eight years, universities have only one main purpose, and that is the teaching of world literature of which English, French, and German are the main branches. In the United States and Canada things are different. For historical as well as geographical reasons, foreign languages are only taught in the schools, on an average, for three years, and as a consequence, while universities on the North American continent profess to have for their main purpose the teaching of literature, they must, at the same time, carry on the work of teaching or rather of continuing to teach the language itself. And this explains the importance of that key course designated in the University of Alberta as French II: for many medical, science, and some arts students this course marks the end of their study of the language; on the other hand, for a minority, chiefly made up of arts students, it constitutes a preparation and an initiation to the study of French literature.

I could not give a better illustration of the difficulties which face an instructor of French II than by using as an example the two sections of that class which, this year, are placed under my guidance.

At the opening of the term, I had 58 students of whom about 15 will, next year, carry on their study of French language and literature; the rest will devote their time and studies to subjects more or less directly connected with science or medicine. Out of these 58 students, three were far ahead of all the others in their knowledge of French grammar as well as in their ability to read, write, and speak; ten students had a passable knowledge of grammar and a fair ability in reading and writing, and although they could not speak, their pronunciation was fairly good; as to the remaining 45, I am certain that they would all admit that they were decidedly bad, most of them through no fault of their own as they had not taken any French for the last two, three, four, or five years. This last group could not translate correctly sentences such as: "Give me some bread" . . . "I have not any" . . . "What do you want?" . . . nor could they conjugate a verb of the 1st conjugation.

In the light of the facts given above and, taking into account the different aims of the two categories of students which form the class, what then should constitute an ideal program for French II? Being free from the bondage of any particular method, our answer to this question has been dictated by common sense: the goal to be attained consists in giving our students the foundations which should enable them either to attend lectures in literature given in French or to carry on, later in life, and alone, their study of the language whether they are urged by a strong desire to do so or by necessity.

Here is, briefly summarized, the program for French II:

I.—*Pronunciation.*

Special attention to be given to pronunciation and diction during the first two months (We hope to be able soon to use linguaphone records).



*THE BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS WINS ROYAL
ACADEMY AWARD*

The Banff School of Fine Arts, conducted under the direction of the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta, has gained an enviable place among educational institutions in Canada. Last year the Handicrafts section of the school entered individual and corporate exhibits in the Royal Academy show in Montreal and won first prize in both against all comers. Special mention was made of the work being done in original design, samples of which are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

1. "The Lone Goose," original design in double weaving, by Hugh Horne of New Brigden, Alberta. Winner special prize for individual piece.
2. Corporate exhibit which received Royal Academy award.
3. Miss Evelyn White, of London, Ontario, shown in the weaving room at Banff.



Banff Weaving Designs

II.—*Elementary Grammar and Syntax.*

A thorough knowledge of the most important rules of grammar and syntax is insisted upon, with a minimum of theory and a maximum of practice. After a month or two of study, a complete review of elementary grammar can be given by conversation within half an hour.

III.—*Reading.*

Two books by classical authors, and one comedy to be used as a basis for conversation. Each week the student will hand in a resumé in French of his reading. Errors will be corrected in red ink by the instructor and a constructive criticism will be given.

IV.—*Dictation.*

A five-minute dictation will be given as often as possible.

V.—*Aural Training.*

During the last two months the instructor will devote fifteen minutes of each period to an informal "causerie," designed to interest, instruct, or entertain the student. Any topic may be chosen, the aim being to improve the student's comprehension of spoken French.

(Dr. F. Owen, my colleague, who has a wide teaching experience, has adopted approximately the same plan for the teaching of German.)

It can be clearly seen that our program is very eclectic and that many of the best features of the so vaunted new methods have been integrated into it. And now, knowing that it is a principle of science to judge of the value of a method by its results, we may ask: Do the results so far obtained in French II justify the method that we have adopted?

Here, I feel some hesitation in giving a direct answer, for it is extremely difficult to do so without exposing one's self to the danger of creating the impression that one is blowing one's own trumpet. Having reached an age when humility is hardly a virtue, I wish to leave the use of that musical instrument to those noisy charlatans who, although incapable of writing their own language correctly, brag about their ability to teach how to speak French in two weeks, compare a grammar recently published to a Ford car, model 1944, and profess an absolute contempt for those teachers who, thirty years ago, acquired a world-wide reputation for their teaching of modern languages. (See Victor Spiers.)

Having now given vent to feelings which, for several years, have been repressed, may I state a few simple facts about the results of our method and endeavours?

Generally speaking, students who have done good work in French II are still far from being fluent in reading, writing, and speaking; but they have in hand the instrument which will help them to reach rapidly that fluency. It is a common error among a great many people to think that a language can be easily acquired simply by spending a few months in the country in which that language is spoken. I have known students who, after having spent two years in France or Germany, had still difficulty in conversing in French or German. I remember my own disappointment while I was in Germany, when I realized that, like many other foreign students, I had to take lessons in German grammar. I wish today that I had, before going to Germany, received the sort of instruction which we give our own students in French II.

It is a well known fact that French II is generally considered by students as a hard course, but it is also a recognized fact that most of the students enjoy it. Various articles published in *The Gateway* by students whose names are unknown to me would confirm this. All students who have pursued their study of the language either in France or in the United States have been unanimous in their appreciation of the thorough training they received in our university. One of them expressed regret that we had not another, more advanced, French II. Last year I received from a brilliant student who now lives in Ontario a four-page poem in French. Had the poem been inspired by one of the poets of the sixteenth century whom she loved so much, I should not have been surprised, but the source of her poetical inspiration was far more prosaic; it was simply this, the "Impetuous Joys of French II." I have mentioned earlier three brilliant students who are this year in my class in French II. They are doing well not only in languages but in all their subjects. When the term opened, I found that they were so far ahead of the others that I insisted that they should not attend my lectures as I felt they would waste their time. To my great surprise, and contrary to my advice, these three students have not missed a lecture. And to end this panegyric of our modest achievements, may I add that last year we sent two of our students to the French Summer School at Trois Pistoles where they were in competition with students representing all the provinces of Canada. Not only did these two students win prizes, but one of them received the highest award, the President's prize, a thing which should convince some of the protagonists of ultra-modern methods that our own method may not be quite as archaic as they were led to believe.

There is no short-cut leading to the mastery of a language. Aptitude of the student, an ardent desire to learn, hard work, and a good teacher are still the prerequisites for success. It is constantly repeated that demagoguery is the plague that threatens democracy; we should be careful to see that this plague never invades the field of education.

I should not like to end this already too long article without adding a few reflections on the subject in which a language department is most concerned, I mean literature and incidentally the humanities.

For several years all the subjects that come under the name of the humanities have been under an eclipse, but one does not need to be a prophet to announce that the very first lessons to be learned from the present world catastrophe will cause their revival. The war with its heavy demands for more production has placed the technician on a higher pedestal than ever before. Not only has he played a very important part in winning the war, but we know that tomorrow he will help us in solving material problems the solution of which will be a boon to humanity. Judging by the most recent discoveries, the mind remains bewildered when it begins to think of what science has in store for us in the very near future, and yet it is easy to detect a certain uneasiness about the future; in spite of all promises of a more beautiful world, anxiety remains. The cause of this apparent paradox is not far to seek.

In our enthusiasm to render honour to the scientist for his discoveries, we have forgotten that "man" who will make use of the discovery is far more important than the discovery itself. Many men today are already blue-printing the future; and from their restlessness, from their feverish

activity, one might be led to think that the peace and contentment of men is entirely dependent upon the production of so many factories. Nearly a century ago, a Swiss philosopher and critic, Amiel, seems to have been thinking of these men when he wrote: "For them life means devouring, incessant activity. They must win gold, predominance, power, they must crush rivals, subdue nature. They have their heart set on the means, and never for an instant on the end. They confound *being* with *individual being* and the expression of the self with happiness." Long before Pope wrote in his "Essay on Man":

Know thyself, presume not God to scan,

The proper study of mankind is man,

one of the greatest scientific geniuses of France, Pascal, after having vainly tried to find in the most abstract science the tranquility so necessary to his insatiable mind, "being discouraged," came to the conclusion that the only worthy object of study was man.

The very agony of the world today is crying out for a long meditation on man, but such a meditation would remain fruitless if, beforehand, we did not make use of the treasures offered to us by world literature. For literature is not only the expression of society at a given period, it not only *reveals* to us the very soul of a people, it is not only a very important branch of history, but in its highest form, poetry, it is what Wordsworth calls "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Poetry, like music, is a way of escape from the misery of life. And this explains why, today, in the midst of unimaginable sufferings, France and Norway are witnessing what to many "blue-printers" will remain incomprehensible: a new blossoming of poetry.

I have with me a mimeographed copy of a sonnet written by a seventeen-year-old mechanic, a communist, three days before he was shot by the Germans. The structure of the sonnet is far from perfect but, whatever may be one's political faith, one cannot help being moved by the idea expressed by that young boy: the Germans have horribly tortured France, but they have failed in their diabolical project, which was to kill the soul.

From that abundant poetry, born out of the distress of the soul rather than out of physical suffering, there is one main idea which stands out; and it is that, within the heart of man, there is some aspiration toward something that transcends his material needs.

No doubt, steps are already taken to give men a greater production, a better distribution of wealth, more leisure, etc., but these alone will not be enough to remove the general malaise which has affected all nations since long before the present conflict, and it will not suffice either to prevent another war catastrophe. The main problem of today is a moral one. Man is in search of a unifying ideal, an ideal which will soften the violence of political passions and impose a deep respect for man as an individual. The scientist may take a great interest in the affairs of society, but science itself is neither moral nor immoral, it is amoral; and that is why I believe that, in the search for a new ideal, the philosopher, the historian, the man of letters have most important parts to play.

It is my deep conviction that, before long, we shall see a reaction that will bring a revival of the humanities; they will, then, occupy in our universities the place they had in the past, the highest.

Milton in Wartime

BY C. R. TRACY

The disaster which is now wrecking so many of our plans is not a new one. Wars have occurred before and they have never paid much respect to individuals. In 1638 Britain was on the brink of revolution, and the Scottish rising of that year was as clear a sign of the war to come as were Hitler's putsches in 1938. The news of the rebellion came as an upsetting shock to one Englishman who was at the time enjoying a leisurely tour through Italy. Earlier in that year John Milton had left for the continent well equipped with letters of introduction, and had made his way through France into Italy, where he cultivated friendships with many persons of rank and learning and became a constant attendant at their literary parties. But as he was preparing to cross over into Sicily and Greece the bad news arrived and made him decide to return home. "For I thought it base," he wrote, "to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." In that decision he showed himself capable of the same self-sacrifice for which Englishmen have distinguished themselves in this war.

Milton was deprived by the Civil War, however, of more than the pleasures of a continental tour. It interrupted, and at first seemed to have extinguished, the great ambition of his life. For Milton was nothing if not ambitious. In a friendly letter dated the year before his Italian tour he had written: "Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of Heaven, an immortality of fame." Milton had chosen for the object of his ambition something which all his contemporaries agreed was the grandest of all worldly achievements. He planned to write a national epic in which all the glorious history of England would be forever enshrined in matchless poetry. It was a staggering ambition, for it meant deliberately setting himself up for the rival of Homer and Virgil, and it demanded unending study, self-discipline and mastery of his craft. Milton was prepared to give to it everything he had, but now the clouds of war were dark on the horizon and the call of duty clear. He courageously put away his long-range plans and prepared to serve his country a nearer way.

Milton felt it his duty to devote all the faculties of his mind to the study of the social and political problems which the war had brought to the surface. For he saw clearly that the war was not merely a competition between two armies but a conflict between irreconcilable ideas of society and ways of life. On the one side he saw the royalist party, possessing many of the things he held dear—a love of culture and good manners—but with fatal weaknesses, a deep-seated lack of sympathy with the common man and a determination to stem the rising tide of democratic feeling. On the other side he saw the parliamentary party, full of the quacks and cranks which all progressive groups inevitably attract, but genuinely devoted in its muddled way to the cause of liberty and democracy. Unhesitatingly he gave his support to the parliamentary party. But being aware that his party had not yet thought its way through all its problems, and that it was even deeply divided within itself on many important issues, Milton made it his work to study these subjects in the

hope of being able to guide it in wise and long-sighted legislation. For he knew that the achievements of peace are not only just as honourable as those of war, but often just as difficult and dangerous, and in the long run of infinitely greater value. He reminded the Lord General Cromwell of this in a sonnet written in 1652, when the war in the field had been won:

Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. . . .

At first Milton carried on his work as a private citizen, studying, arguing and writing; but in 1649 he accepted the invitation of the government to become "Latin Secretary." Officially his duty was to draft dispatches to foreign governments, which were then always written in Latin. It is more than probable that a part of the credit for the great prestige which the government of Cromwell earned among the nations of Europe was due to Milton for the effective language in which he couched its communications. For a taste of his style one may turn to his sonnet "On the late Massacre in Piedmont":

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O're all th' Italian fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

Milton, however, not only wrote an English sonnet on this occasion, but put into equally vigorous Latin the dispatch which Cromwell addressed to the Duke of Savoy, and which helped to conclude the "incident" with the restoration to the Vaudois of all their ancient rights. The government found it valuable to have in its employ a master of the literary craft.

Unofficially the government made even larger demands on Milton's talents, for he was repeatedly called upon to answer the government's critics in print, as well as to talk over matters of policy with high officials of state. The most important duty of this kind entrusted to him was that of drawing up a defence of the government's action in cutting off the head of Charles I. Milton's *Defence of the English People* not only helped to explain the republican government of England to the monarchical governments of continental Europe, but also created for Milton himself a European reputation which he never lost. Incidentally, this work cost him his eyesight.

But the books of Milton's which are best remembered today are the ones which he submitted to the attention of his party rather as a private

citizen than as spokesman of the government. Between 1641 and 1644 he wrote a remarkable series of books in which he explained and defended in detail the four branches of Liberty which he considered most important: freedom of worship, freedom of divorce, freedom of education, and freedom of the press. There are many things in these books which no longer interest us, and some things which after three hundred years seem merely wrong-headed. But no honest reader can fail to honour Milton for the courage with which he advanced progressive opinions in the teeth of ignorant readers, and for the clarity with which he saw that the problems of personal liberty were the central problems of his age. Most of all is he to be honoured for the faith which he kept ever alive that Truth would ultimately triumph. In the midst of wars and apparently endless controversies it is easy to lose heart and lie back on the downy cushion of cynicism. But even at a time when he was being attacked for his opinions from all sides he wrote in his *Areopagitica*, the most memorable of all his prose works: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injudiciously . . . to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter." This faith was to be put to trial in the dark days of the later Commonwealth and the Restoration, but though it had to be restated and adapted to altered circumstances it was never abandoned, and remains his most glorious legacy to after ages.

It is encouraging in these days to know that in the end Milton's great ambition was realized, though in a different way from what he first had hoped. In 1667 he published his great poem. It was not, however, a national epic, but rather something finer and more universal in its appeal, an epic of the whole human race in its war against sin and its search for salvation. Without the experience of the war years Milton would not have been able to write *Paradise Lost*, for into its composition went all the bitterness and tumult, all the intense study and thought, all the steady faith and courage of that heroic struggle. In spite of the interruption of his plans and of the defeat which his party suffered in 1660, Milton became a greater man and a finer poet than otherwise he could have been. And now, three hundred years later, we can see that the defeat of 1660 was only momentary, and that many of the ideals for which Milton fought so bravely have become parts of our inheritance.

Books of Our Own

ELSIE PARK GOWAN: "*The Town Grows Up*."

This winter the C.B.C. carried a series of plays called "The Town Grows Up" by Elsie Park Gowan, Edmonton resident and graduate of the University of Alberta. The purpose of this series was to show the development of community services in any Canadian city from pioneer days to the present. It is intended to stress the contrast between what the individual working alone can achieve and what is achieved by the co-operative effort

of the whole community. Further, the plays stress the idea that community services are acquired only when the community wants them and is willing to work for them, that outside agencies will take no greater interest in a community than the community takes in itself. Besides describing the services already achieved, Mrs. Gowan indicates some others to the attainment of which most Canadian cities would do well to apply themselves. For example, Chapter VI, entitled "This Is Tomorrow," deals with the need for slum clearance and town planning, a need now particularly acute in most Canadian cities because of the influx of service men's families and war workers. Chapter VIII, "Time for What," shows the necessity for Community Centres where young and old can profitably and pleasantly spend their leisure time. Mrs. Gowan's suggested use of the school as in pioneer days could indeed bear study by our teachers, ministers, and all those alarmed at the increase in juvenile delinquency, and interested in the social and moral welfare of the community. In Chapter X the subject of school lunches especially for undernourished children is dealt with. Chapter XIII is state medicine, a topic daily receiving more attention. Chapter XVI is about the unemployment situation and the necessity for some plan before demobilization. In many of these plays Mrs. Gowan does not suggest the solution of the problem, but she depicts the situation most clearly, and shows the indisputable need for some solution. The problems are there crying for immediate attention. It is up to the citizens to tackle them.

Throughout the whole series Mrs. Gowan has succeeded in maintaining a thoroughly human set of characters. They are the people you see on the street car, the people who live next door. The narrator, John Evans, who appears in every play, a retired post master, and the type of local philosopher rich in the history of his district, and interested in the growth and progress of the community and its citizens, is to be found in any town. Mrs. Gowan's female characters are particularly good. Mrs. Forbes, the committee woman, in "This Is Tomorrow," Caroline Cooper, the broad-visioned teacher, in "Invitation To Lunch," Anne Winfield, the blind organizer, and especially Miss Newton, the starched duty-conscious nurse in "Book Of Memory," all engrave themselves on our memories. Maplefield is your town or my town, almost any lively, young Canadian city.

Mrs. Gowan is equally skilful in the mechanics of handling her topics. Her introductions and the manner in which she flashes back to an earlier period are particularly interesting.

The whole series makes a worthwhile contribution to the comparatively new field of radio drama, and the plays are a great deal better than most heard on the air. They are smooth, interesting, and topically vital, generically Canadian, but of almost universal application and appeal.

M. H.



THE NEW TRAIL

A Quarterly Report of Campus Activities

An official publication of the University of Alberta and its Alumni Association. Any person interested in the University may subscribe at the rate of one dollar a year.

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The Ivory Tower

"If I ever lived in an ivory tower as University professors are imputed to do," writes Dr. George Hunter in this issue, "I don't seem to live there now."

The remark will bring a smile to the more permanent inmates of our institution. We use the word "inmates" advisedly, for as the Old Professor says, "We must all be a little mad anyway." A smile for the suggested wealth of *ivory*, and a smile for the implied remoteness of the *tower* from the world.

The Editor dropped the other day into the dark basement of the fore-part of the Power Plant building in search of Mr. Risk. Under the roof of this one small building are housed the boilers and stokers that supply our lights and keep us warm, CKUA and its studio, a splendid department of Poultry, one of the busiest departments of Extension in Canada, one of the finest departments of Electrical Engineering, and the COTC shooting gallery whose use prevents use of the same space at the same time for electric welding. In the basement, Sylvan Hillerud, Frank Peers, and others, dressed in overalls, were hammering and planking over what used to be the Medical frog pond to make room for important Extension materials that had to be shifted in order to create space for an Animal Nutrition Laboratory for which no other home could be found anywhere on the campus. And opening a door beside a toilet stool, we found Mr. Risk rehearsing one of Mr. Gard's radio plays with a dozen voices—hardly room there for bodies—in a cramped cupboard with one high, small, dirty window. Ask any business man or manufacturer to work under such conditions, and he would tell you in well-spiced language where to get off at and where to go.

Yet the Animal Nutrition Laboratory will be worth hundreds of thousand of dollars a year to the Province, and Mr. Risk's Dramatics are at least of equal, if less tangible, value. Ivory tower indeed! A little

ivory paint might help that dismal basement where Mr. Risk attempts to create dramatic beauty and where the shooting gallery and toilets and the Department of Poultry and part of the Department of Extension and the new Animal Nutrition Laboratory huddle together around the remains of the frog pond. If any man has money to spare, from a nickel to a million, the Editor would be delighted to take him on a personally conducted tour of the campus and show him where to spend it.

The work is done, however, and well done. Anyone who heard that play over the radio must have realized that Mr. Risk and Mr. Gard and their chorus are breaking new ground, creating effects never before realized on the air, achieving beauty. Their work touches every corner of the Province from the American border to the Arctic. It is part of Alberta's life. The work of Mr. Hillerud and Mr. Peers takes them to every town, village, and hamlet. Mr. Clandinin's work on Poultry is not done for a few dwellers in ivory towers; on the contrary, he has already saved five dollars a ton for manufacturers of feed. The Animal Nutrition Laboratory will affect every farmer—many have appreciated Mrs. Elsey's article in our last issue without realizing that Dean Sinclair and his swine-feeding experiments turn "Me and My Pigs" into a trio. The Department of Electrical Engineering is in touch with a practical world; indeed, the late W. E. Cornish was engaged just before his death in drawing up plans for the rural electrification program that is to be initiated after the war. Even if it does have a smoke-stack, nobody could call the Power Plant building an ivory tower in any sense of the word.

Nor any building on the campus. From the earliest days when, under the most trying conditions, Professors of the Faculty of Arts and Science travelled all over the Province lecturing, or from the time of the High River experiments that made winter flying possible in the North, the University has never been remote from Provincial life. The evidence is everywhere: there are the Provincial laboratories, there are dozens of short courses, there are all manner of consultant services, war work, committees of every kind, and even the new Adult Education Movement asked for and freely received the services of some thirty University instructors. To the prospector in the silent wilderness asking for assays of specimens, and to the city manufacturer puzzled over a process; to the country school-teacher harassed for books, and to the city hospital requiring thousands of blood counts and other tests a month; to the wounded soldier in Italy whose life may be saved by blood transfusion, and to the governmental committee in search of expert counsel; to the farmer with his land and his stock, and to the manufacturing dairy or the oil industry; to the contractor worried about the strength of materials in a building site, as R. M. Hardy shows in this issue, and to the housewife who wants to know how to can vegetables; to the fishermen of our inland lakes and their important new industry, and to the thousand and one persons who telephone or write to the University to ask about points of grammar; as well as to the thousands of diversified students who annually seek this home of learning: to each and all, the University offers a simple, "Ho, every man that thirsteth."

And the whole Province thirsts.

There may indeed be somewhere in the world a university abounding

in wealth whose dons live a retired life of leisure far from the business of the world; but if there is such a university, it is not the University of Alberta. This University is in touch with everything that goes on in the Province; this University serves the people.

Spring

*Nec mare, nec tellus, montes nec silva vel Alpes
Tibi obstare queant aut inhibere viam . . .
Angelus e caelo veniens comitetur euntem
Semper: abito tuas, dulcis amice, vias.*

—ALCUIN OF YORK.

"The trouble is," said the Old Professor, "that I'm just not a poet—and if ever I was, I must have died young." Laboriously he scrawled through another line. "*No darkling wood, no . . . I wonder when I died.*"

He shuffles into hat and coat, picks up the carven cane that fits with a welcome into his hand, and off to the Men's Faculty Club to hear "The Future of the Arts Faculty." "And that's rubbish and wasted time," he mutters to himself. "Future of the Arts Faculty indeed! The Future of the Arts Faculty, like the future of other faculties, is not being delineated in sober little civilian conclaves, but blazed across the sky of Europe, burned into the North Atlantic, chiselled into the bony ridges of Italy. If you want to know the future of the Arts Faculty, ask the sands of North Africa, ask the Alps. Hmm . . . '*montes nec silva vel Alpes*'—there simply are no such rhythms in English—'*This is the forest primeval.*' Pshaw!"

Pre-occupied, he lingers along while the day lingers, the sun lingers in light caress, and the air is one perpetual chinook. Coyest of seasons, Spring has finished with coquetry. Or has she? Heart-breaking she is in this northern clime when the days of melting snow, with quick-silver flashing in every gutter and channel, are succeeded by blistering blizzards, days when she teases with the bluest of smiles only to show us her winged heels and the flying scud. Cold rime descends by night, hoar frost coats and freezes the world, and the intaken breath is all the sharper for a day of mildness. She drains us dry of emotion, and at the very moment when we are pulped and punch-drunk, exhausted veterans of winter, indifferent to the distant voice that counts us out, then in a burst of glory she is here indeed. Our hearts expand, stifle us: we can scarcely endure the ministering angels of the spring. And in this season of beginnings, the University year ends. "It is enough," says the Old Professor, "to give one a permanent schizophrenia—but then, we must all be a little mad anyway. Otherwise we would not be teachers. And the poor students—how difficult it must be for them to study at this time of the year. Even I, who died so long ago, I am quite aware of . . . Dear me! What *am* I thinking!"

His eyes lift to the burgeoning trees, their branches no longer thin pencil lines against the evening sky, but insensibly different, thickened,

fuzzed with the promise of summer leafage. "Fuzzed," thinks the Professor. "Perhaps my glasses need changing again." Against the sheltering warmth of buildings the grass is green again, brown across the spaces, but under the brown if one peers closely, the green is weaving in. The first dandelions appear, flinging their gold like prodigals across the earth. "We shall think better of dandelions," smiles the Professor, "for their rubber. Utility is the thing in this modern world. But this gold is a fine tough color; it is the color of willow stems and of goldenrod, the first to come, the last to leave. Tough. Green and gold. Stamina. Staying power. Lads like Fred."

The new cafeteria. So nice to have a decent place for these little meetings. All these years and no Faculty Club house—no students building either. "Well," he ruminates, "we are poor, but we *are* tough." His mind slips back to the earliest meetings of the club in a classroom—Arts 235, was it?—and to Dr. Tory, and Dean Boyle, and dear sparkling Killam, effervescent, the champagne of a man, and Broadus and Alexander, and all the rest—and the meetings in Athabaska lounge, in St. Joseph's—and after all that time the sole "assets" of the club are a few cushions or seat pads. Oh, well.

In the midst of the discussion, he realizes suddenly that that word *sweet* must be omitted. *Dulcis amice* is all right, but *sweet friend*—no, by no means. Dear me, this discussion does buzz in one's ears! Ever since Plato, people have been fussing over education, healthy sign perhaps, but still . . . Though it may be divine, this discontent, can we not leave it to the boys? Have they not proved, are they not proving in a thousand theatres of war that there's nothing wrong with education, with education whose heart is the Arts Faculty. The heart beats firm and sound. And when the boys come back, our tough ones, nothing will obstruct them, *nec mare, nec tellus, montes nec silva vel Alpes* . . . *No darkling wood, No threatening Alp*. Ah, but they have something that goes with them, these lads—*angelus e caelo veniens*—always the angels are with youth. Look closely, you almost see the wings. It is only middle age that grows circumspect, cowardly, slipshod in semi-virtue. But these others . . . This lad now, this Fred for whom I'm translating Alcuin. He will not stay for Convocation, and I feel he deserves a little—a little—ah, ceremony. Does anyone dare to tell me that he has not been properly educated?

Again the evening with the scent of growing things to come and the promise of blossom. A sort of peace descends into his soul, the last word arranges itself, and all that remains is to write it down:

*No ill by land or sea
Ever befall thee!
No darkling wood,
No threatening Alp,
Ever appal thee!
Heaven's angel by thy side
Be thy sure guide
To journey's end!
So fare thou cheerily forward,
Dear comrade, friend.*

The Editor Says:

The translation of Alcuin, used in "Spring," is not our own; it is a characteristic gift from one of the most generous and scholarly persons on the campus.

In this issue the names of Alumni officers are published. We make that an excuse for going out of our way to speak of the fine, faithful work done by all of these officers, many of them for many years. The task of the Treasurer, in particular, is one of those never-ending chores that must become wearying indeed; and the Association is to be congratulated in having found so cheerful a worker as W. E. Bowser.

A year ago an excellent article on "The Musical Year" by Victor Graham had to be scrapped for want of space. This year Mrs. Robert Newton, to whose interest in *The New Trail* we are deeply indebted, combines with Robert Wark in recording the year's activities in music. We hope that we shall never again be obliged to omit for want of space—that is to say, for want of money—materials so worthy of record.

This issue started out, in the mind of the Editor, as an Engineers' number. But in the little universe of the campus many things cry out for attention—and we have almost compromised the Engineers' number out of existence. Still, we do have a fine, temperate account of the Oil Sands by K. A. Clark, an account of the Electron Microscope by D. B. Scott, and a discussion of the Soils Laboratory by R. M. Hardy. Dr. Clark is the first person we have met who could give any sensible account of the Oil Sands tangle, but he is modest enough to say nothing of his own important contributions to research in that field. The Cock o' the North, glancing over our shoulder at Dr. Scott's article, crowed lustily over the part Alberta lads have played in the development of the Electron Microscope. If there is any university that ought by every right to have one of these valuable tools of research, it is the University of Alberta. The cost is a small matter of some twenty thousand dollars—any offers? In case more than one person volunteers to buy one of these microscopes for us, the Editor undertakes to find for the disappointed givers something just as good to spend their money on. R. M. Hardy (after him, the deluge!) could use some of it for his Soils Laboratory where he tests soils from places as far away as South America and determines the necessary strength and quality of material for foundations of structures to be erected there.

Edouard Sonet must be known wherever alumni meet. They will recognize him in his writing. There he is, with all his abounding energy and brilliance. Il revient au galop!

Books of Our Own makes no apology for presenting the radio work of Elsie Park Gowan. Those who have heard this series of broadcasts must have wished they were available in book form—if for nothing else, as a textbook in Social Studies. The review is written by Molly Hughes, a Senior in Arts. Another undergraduate is Drake Shelton who will stir many memories with his "After math."

In our last issue Dr. Margaret Collins described the work of the Blood clinic; in this issue Dr. Hunter completes the picture.

In October, 1943, we printed a little article by R. K. Gordon, called "Wordsworth in War Time." For this issue we have a companion piece, "Milton in War Time," by C. R. Tracy. Dr. Gordon's article seems to have been widely appreciated; and we expect the same acceptance of Dr. Tracy's "Milton."

F.G.R. are initials which will not conceal the identity of the writer from his many friends in the University. Not all of us are aware how deeply the University is appreciated abroad.

We are glad to set aside a few pages for the artistic work of Mrs. Willis. The prize weaving designs from Banff also deserve reproduction. Curiously enough, these designs received quite a little publicity in Eastern newspapers—and none locally. In future issues we hope to "cover" in some degree, however slight, the accomplishments of the Province in the fine arts.

Around the Campus

Another academic year draws to a close, and societies tidy up their affairs and elect their officers for 1944-45. The Engineers this year seem to have shown more spirit than any other group of students [See the free advertising we give them, reprinted from *The Gateway*, on p. 88], but their slate of officers for the Students' Union was not elected. The new President of the Union is a student of Agriculture, Alfred Harper, and the offices in general seem to have been captured by a medley from Arts, Commerce, and Law. The new Editor of *The Gateway*, appropriately enough in days when even student publications seem to be good hunting ground for snoopers clothed in the Majesty of the Defence of Canada Regulations, and when an unwary word or a light-hearted jest calls for the hoosegow, is Don Cormie, student of Law. His training may help him to keep to the windy side of such troubles as plagued his predecessor—or, once in, to find an argument that will appeal to authorities of the "nouveau" type who lack both a sense of humor and a sense of proportion.

If the Engineers took a combined campus rebuff in the elections, they are nevertheless stout lads who can "take" it. And they have still the consolation that their new President, Anatol Roshko, invaded the Philosophical Society, hitherto more or less sacred to Arts and Law, and walked off with the first prize in the annual essay competition.

This contest has been re-named the "J. M. MacEachran Annual Essay Competition" in honor of the Founder of the Philosophical Society.

* * * * *

The Gateway has maintained its position during the year as the best student publication in Canada with fewer issues but the same number of pages. A column headed "Faculty on the Spot" has run a series of articles entitled, "Why Study——." John Macdonald led off with Philosophy, and a dozen other members of the Faculty followed with their respective subjects. This column is held in some quarters to be an improvement over "Casserole" which it replaced.

Selective Service regulations have been placed upon a more satisfactory national basis by the new ruling that requires that fifty percent of the incoming class at all universities is to be eliminated. However harsh such a rule may seem, it is at least uniform across the country. Our University whose ordinary standards are high, has already paid on account by means of Christmas eliminations a percentage which will make the new rule mild in its local effect as compared with its effect at some other institutions.

* * * * *

A Christian Mission was held on the campus, January 23 to 26, under the chairmanship of Bishop Barfoot of Edmonton and with several distinguished visitors: Bishop Remington of Oregon, Dr. Kilborn of the West China Union University, and Chancellor Gilmour of McMaster University.

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A new chief announcer has been appointed for CKUA, James McRae who comes to us after four years experience as chief producer at CKRC, Winnipeg.

* * * * *

The University learned with regret of the death of the Hon. Lieut.-Col. George W. Kerby, B.A., D.D., Principal emeritus of Mount Royal College, in February. Principal of Mount Royal College for 31 years, Dr. Kerby exercised a great influence upon many of our graduates.

* * * * *

We are pleased that Mr. C. C. Wates who gave to the University two years ago the sixth largest telescope in Canada, has been awarded the Chant medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada "for outstanding amateur contribution to astronomy in Canada."

* * * * *

Short courses illustrative of the many-sided service of the University to the Province, have abounded this year. One of the most interesting was the Prospectors School, arranged by the Northwest Chamber of Mines and Resources, which opened on February 14 with an enrollment of 33 prospectors who plan to ransack the North this summer. The annual Co-operative Short Course, starting February 28, brought about one hundred students and enticed speakers from as far away as Wisconsin; and a Medical Refresher course is to be held from May 8 to May 12. Last year 224 practising physicians attended. More are expected this year. The annual Creamery course of the Department of Dairying was this year expanded into two, starting Jan. 24 and Jan. 31. The Dominion-Provincial War Emergency Training Program paid transportation and living costs of forty students attending. A Land Inspectors Short Course was held from March 22 to March 24—and there have been, no doubt, some other short courses that the Editor has not noticed or has forgotten.

While the short courses continue and multiply, the Army course given during the whole 1943-44 year to active service soldiers, is to be discontinued. Some sixty students in uniform in this course have been prepared for technical service.

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The University budget has passed the Legislature, increased by \$50,000 over that of last year. The increase is more apparent than actual, however, since it is entirely absorbed by increased costs of operation. Coal alone will take a very large slice of it.

A separate item in the provincial budget permits an extension of the University Power Plant. This "temporary" plant, awkward and inconvenient to operate, was erected some thirty years ago, and ran during the severe weather of a year ago at two hundred percent of capacity. The extended plant will serve the new soldiers wing of the University Hospital, now under construction, as well as the Tuberculosis Hospital which is to be built as soon as materials and manpower become available.

* * * * *

The statement has been made in the Edmonton press that the Provincial Government intends to establish a provincial archives at the end of the war. There is some possibility that Government House may be used as a museum. The work of Dean Smith and of Professor Gard who is visiting us this year under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation, as well as of many others, thus finds fruition; for these persons have long advocated the preservation of local historical materials. Perhaps a word should be spoken in the right quarters concerning the invaluable photographs of Mr. Ernest Brown from which the graduating class of 1943 made a selection for their Class Gift.

Of similar interest is the appointment of Professor Morden H. Long to the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

* * * * *

Perhaps the most important event in the recent life of the campus was the opening of the cafeteria on March 8. The Wauneitas seized the occasion for a tea whereby they raised \$200 for International Student Service.

The Cafeteria is to be managed by Mrs. Ottem, a Household Economics graduate from Saskatchewan, under the general supervision of Miss Patrick and the Department of Household Economics. Fitted into the rise of ground behind the South Laboratory, the building has two stories at the eastern end, permitting a kitchen on each floor together with good accommodations for the chef and kitchen staff. A very pleasant room in the northeast corner is available for meetings and dinner parties.

The main dining room is a pleasant large airy room with sound-absorbing walls and handsomely proportioned roof truss. A painting donated to the University by Mrs. Dorothy Henzell Willis has been appropriately hung beside the north entrance. It presents a young man "In Search of . . ." against a symbolistic background. It so neatly fills a panel as to suggest the desirability of further additions to the art collection of the University.

It must be understood that the cafeteria is "temporary" or semi-permanent; it will no doubt outlast the golden lads and girls who attended the Wauneita opening. It fills a need that has been insistent since the beginning of the war—indeed, it served 8,000 persons in the first two weeks—and there seems no reason why it should not be of very great value during the whole of its temporary or semi-permanent lifetime.

For this great addition to the campus we are all indebted to Mr. Wotherpoon and the University Works Department who erected the building, and to Professor I. F. Morrison of the Department of Civil and Municipal Engineering, who stepped out of his professorial rôle into practical construction. Indeed, the cafeteria is an inspiring example of what can be done by sheer determination—especially when a predominating share of

that determination is to be found in the President's office. Many persons, however, contributed to the final accomplishment. In an emergency, a number of students in Applied Science gave their labor, and the Editor treasures the memory of salty language and barbed epithet from a summer's day when he found a harassed member of Professor Morrison's department sweating at the design for the roof-truss. Not a few stresses and strains went into this structure, and an over-town fire burned some of the furnishings in a warehouse so that half the offices of the Arts building have been denuded of chairs, but in the end the whole campus looks upon the creation and pronounces it good.

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Subscriptions now amount to \$2,083.32.

Henry Birks and Sons, Ltd., Edmonton, offer a gold medal annually to be awarded to a graduating student in the Faculty of Applied Science. The basis of the award is primarily scholarship as determined from standing obtained in the two senior years with an average of not less than 75%. Consideration will be given as well to qualities of leadership and character.



In Search of—

Dorothy Henzell Willis



Professor

Dorothy Henzell Willis

The Musical Year

by

Emma Read Newton and Robert Wark

In spite of the non-existence as yet of a Music Department within our University, we managed to enjoy this year as usual some rich musical hours:

To mention the visitor first, early in January Max Pirani, Australian-born concert pianist from the London Royal Academy of Music, and veteran of World War I, gave in Convocation Hall his fourth Edmonton recital. Seven hundred persons listened keenly through a programme of Haydn, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Debussy, every number beautiful and a masterpiece. So friendly and unpretentious is Mr. Pirani that the discriminating listener aware of his high standards, his extraordinary technique, and his scholarly interpretation, feels pleased that so much greatness and genuine simplicity go together.

Thanks to the vision of early graduates, staff, and friends of this University in choosing a Cassevant organ as a memorial to the University's sons who fell in the First Great War, we have the continual joy of the organ as the centre of our musical life. The specifications for this organ were largely the responsibility of Professor L. H. Nichols, and the fine result was recognized years ago by the world-famous organist Lynnwood Farnam who said enthusiastically that in all his travels he had not played on a lovelier organ of its size.

A good organ needs a good organist and good music. That Professor Nichols year by year gives students something for a lifetime is illustrated by the remark of a graduate in Agriculture who said, "If I could keep only one thing from my years at Varsity, it would be the organ recitals, because they meant more to me than anything else."

Professor Nichols gives his musical talents with exceeding generosity, and the time necessary for recital preparation must come from that slim margin of leisure possible to a professor of physics carrying a heavy teaching load. There have been special organ recitals for members of the armed forces and their friends; most of the University Musical Club programmes included organ numbers; and again the organ furnished the musical setting for convocations and for such special events as the Remembrance Day Commemoration Recital with its solemn beauty binding us all briefly in quiet communion, and the special convocation in honour of His Excellency the Governor General the Earl of Athlone and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice.

The most significant recitals this year, however, were the five in the Historical Series given on Sunday afternoons in January and February, which included music of some of the composers from the sixteenth through the twentieth century. These recitals were especially appreciated by the music enthusiasts and city organists. The material was of wide range. Nothing brought out better the possibilities of the organ than the Sonata by the English organist Harwood which was played with such vitality that one involuntarily felt the glory of it and thought, "Think of *that* going out into this community from our University!" No one could forget the

Brahms' Choral Prelude, "O world, I soon must leave thee," poignantly written and so perfectly played that it was difficult to break away from it. Finally, "Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue" by the Canadian Healey Willan left us all feeling that right here in our own country is a composer ranking with the very greatest.

Of the content of the programmes arranged by students on Sunday evenings, Robert Wark, this year's president of the University Musical Club, will give account.

E. R. N.

* * * * *

Musical activities, while not completely dormant, are certainly far from being the virile force that they should be on a campus of this size. The smothering of the Philharmonic this year took much wind out of our already slack sails, while the untimely death of the Record Club through inability to obtain an operator still further reduced the skeleton crew. The net result is that musical entertainment offered at the University for the past year has been of a somewhat confined and stereotyped variety. The Musical Club and Choir, though both doing excellent work, neither expect nor hope that all students will find pleasure in the type of music they offer. Yet surely everyone enjoys music in some shape or form. And until sufficient diversification has been introduced into musical activities so that everyone on the campus may obtain for himself that enjoyment, music itself will never gain from the students the whole-hearted support it deserves.

The University Musical Club, one of the largest, if not the largest, of all campus clubs, is a fine example of how successful a limited musical organization can be. During the 1943-44 season the Club's membership climbed to the record figure of over four hundred, though by no means all or even a large proportion of that number is made up of students. The aim of the Club, the presentation and study of more serious music, is one which it usually attempts to carry out by means of a definite plan for the whole season. For instance, this year the theme was nationalistic, and each program presented music from one or another of the great European countries. Other years the scheme has followed periods of composers. In addition to these series, the Club occasionally sponsors recitals by local or out of town artists, and now and again presents record concerts and programs of sound films on various musical subjects. This year the Club was particularly active, and all these forms of entertainment, with the exception of record concerts, were exploited.

The University Choir, the only other organized musical group on the campus, also spent an active and fruitful season. Rather than devote much of their time to preparing for some major production, as in past years, the Choir preferred to make several minor appearances in various city churches, or on the air, and at programs of the Musical Club.

By way of partially filling the gap left by the dismembered Philharmonic, a series of student talent programs sponsored by *Evergreen and Gold* were presented over CKUA and produced twice a month during the winter. The idea behind the broadcasts was to give as many students as possible a chance to get up and "do their stuff." It didn't matter whether

or not they were of a professional standard, though in spite of secondary place a high quality was maintained throughout the series.

All these groups are doing their part, and doing it well. Undoubtedly they are supplying a great deal of entertainment to those interested in the style of music they are presenting. But what of all the many hundreds who like their music sweet n' low, hill-billy, or eight to the bar?

R. W.

University Honor Roll

These are they whom we delight to honor

AWARDS

Distinguished Flying Cross

Flying Officer Gordon Ralph Burton, RCAF, Arts '38-'39, January 6, 1944.
Flying Officer Alfred Herbert Russell, RCAF, Applied Science '36-'39, January 19, 1944.
Wing Commander William Charles VanCamp, RCAF, B.A. '38, January 3, 1944.

Distinguished Service Order

Major Archie Scott Donald, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Arts '27-'38, November, 1943.

Military Cross

Captain Henry Dolphin Patrick Tighe, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Arts and Law '35-'36, September, 1943.

Mentioned in Dispatches

Coder Hugh Merryweather, RCNVR, Arts '40-'41, January 3, 1944 (Posthumous Award).

George Medal

Major Douglas Scott Harkness, RCA, B.A. '24, February, 1944.

CASUALTIES

Killed in Action

Pilot Officer Vladimir "Laudy" Adamic, RCAF, Arts '40-'42, February 7, 1944.
Flight Sergeant Gordon Chapman Munro, RCAF, Diploma in Pharmacy '39, January 21, 1944.
Lieutenant Gordon Henry Pybus, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, B.A. '42, December 24, 1943.

Missing

Sergeant Pilot George Raymond Baker, RCAF, Applied Science '40-'41, March 9, 1943.
Flying Officer John Anthony Hefferman, RCAF, Arts '39-'40, January 6, 1944.
Flying Officer Joseph Arthur Horsfall, RCAF, Applied Science '40-'41, December 27, 1943.
Flying Officer Edward J. C. Krysko, RCAF, Arts '37-'38, March, 1944.
Flight Sergeant Navigator William James Murdoch Nickerson, RCAF, Applied Science '39-'40, January 5, 1944.
Sub-Lieutenant Arthur Harold Walkley, RCNVR, Applied Science '39-'40, November, 1943.

Wounded

Captain Gilbert Thomas Blair, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, B.A. '40, January 6, 1944.
Lieutenant Harold Reid Gordon Campbell, Tank Corps, Agriculture '38-'39, December 7, 1943.

Sergeant James Ernest Carmichael, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Arts '38-'40 (Reported to be wounded twice while fighting in Italy).
 Lieutenant John Alpine Dougan, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, B.A. '42 (Reported to have been wounded twice), January 12, 1944.
 Lieutenant Clarence Johnson, Army Tank Brigade, B.A., LL.B. '42, January, 1944.
 Lieutenant James Harper Prowse, Canadian Armed Brigade, B.A. '38, December 27, 1943.
 Captain George Alexander Cameron Steer, 8th Army Field Ambulance Regiment, Applied Science '38-'39, January, 1944.
 Captain John Roderick Washburn, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, B.A. '40, January 5, 1944.

Presumed Dead

Flight Lieutenant William Thomas Johnstone, RCAF, Arts, Mount Royal College '38-'39, December, 1943.
 Pilot Officer Bombardier Alan Stuart MacDonald, RCAF, Applied Science '39-'40, January 21, 1944, as a result of torpedoing on way Overseas.
 Pilot Officer James Robert McLean, RCAF, Applied Science '40-'42, January 7, 1944.
 Flight Lieutenant John Rutherford Sterne, D.F.C., RCAF, Applied Science '39-'40, February, 1944.

Previously Reported Missing, Now a Prisoner of War

Pilot Officer Gordon Ralph Burton, RCAF, Arts '38-'39, November, 1943 (Prisoner of the Germans).
 Charles Bernard Watson Rogers, Straits Settlement Volunteers, B.Sc. (Ag), 1939 (Reported to be a prisoner of the Japanese in the Malay Peninsula), November, 1943.
 Acting Sergeant Joseph Samuel Rogers Wright, Arts and Commerce '31-'32 (Prisoner of the Germans), December, 1943.

Wounded but Remaining on Duty

Captain Henry Dolphin Patrick, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, Arts and Law '35-'36, November, 1943.

Previously Reported a Prisoner of War, Now Safe

Flight Lieutenant Joseph Gilbert Middlemass, RCAF, Arts and Dentistry '36-'39, November, 1943. Escaped from Italian Prison Camp and joined the Allies shortly after the Italian Invasion.
 Quarter-master Sergeant Lawrence Davis Williams, Agriculture '38-'40, Calgary Tank Battalion.

HONOR ROLL

The War Records Committee is grateful to those readers who have been good enough to furnish information for the Honour Roll. In order to maintain correct, complete, and up-to-date records the Committee renews its appeal for assistance and particularly hopes that service men and women and their next-of-kin will report changes of rank and address to the Assistant Registrar, University of Alberta. The following names have been added January:

Navy

Bowen, Donald Haines
 Brown, Frank
 Christie, Norma Bell (WRCNS)
 Cooper, R. James G.
 Ferguson, Charlotte Elizabeth (WRCNS)
 Isaacson, C. Theodore
 Kelly, William Bernard
 Mallabone, James Edward
 Nicol, Archibald John
 Westlake, John Robert
 Wilcox, Archie Glen

Army

Bainbridge, Fred
 Bell, Robert Murray
 Bernstein, Matis W. E.
 Blott, Gordon Richard (Medical)
 Boyd, Russell
 Cummings, John Bruce
 Darrah, Robert William
 Davis, Cecil John Calder
 Homulos, Steve
 Jackson, John Gerrish
 Jallep, William
 Lewis, Frank Joseph

McGill, Alan Fielding	Darrah, Douglas Francis
McLennan, Alexander Havelock (Medical)	Davis, Harold Leon
Mickelson, Marty	Dunlop, Robert Douglas
Mitchell, Helen Elizabeth (CWAC)	Durno, John William
Ramelson, Baruch	Forbes, David Gordon
Reid, John Lestlock	Frost, Allin William
Ritz, Cecil Raymond (RCAMC)	Glover, Frederic Euston
Russell, Loris Shano	Heckbert, Charles Taylor
Steilo, Clarence Elliott	Johnston, William Thomas
Tighe, Henry Dolphin Patrick	Judge, David Lawrence Cranford
Tuttle, Morley Johnson (Medical)	Killeen, Clarence Edward
Wasson, Keith Carberry	King, Clifford Wellesley
Wright, Orville Fitzpatrick	McTavish, Allan Douglas
Air Force	Main, William Lillico
Allen, Harvey T.	Middlemass, Joseph Gilbert
Bain, Mary Elizabeth (WD)	Provenzano, Michaelangelo
Baker, Howard Stewart	Riedel, Bernard Edward
Burton, Gordon Ralph	Ross, James George
Campbell, Claude Andrew	Rowe, Ralph Roby
Carr, William Paterson	Settle, Wilfred Rupert
Conybeare, Mrs. Vivian M. (WD)	Smith, Walter Sanford
	Ward, Stewart Hadley

In the Wide Wide World

WILLIAM HARRISON COOK*

B.Sc. (Agr.) 1926; M.Sc. 1928; Ph.D. (Stanford) 1931; F.R.S.C.

Born not far south of the Tweed, and soon transplanted to the vicinity of Aberdeen, "Bill" Cook migrated with his parents to southern Alberta at the tender age of eight years. From that time till he entered the School of Agriculture at Claresholm nine years later, his education was of an eminently practical sort. Luckily for the future of science in Canada, in those days the University accepted graduates of the Schools of Agriculture without formal matriculation requirements. When Cook came to the University in 1922, he was still vague about syntax, but had a complete knowledge of ditch-riding, broncho-busting, and all the intricacies of the round-up.

Unlimited native ability and a lighthearted disposition combined to make his university career a prodigy of accomplishment. It was characteristic of his progressive spirit that on graduation day he tore up all his lecture notes, saying he would get new information as he needed it. When Dr. Robert Newton, the first Director of the Division of Biology of the National Research Council, recommended Cook's appointment to the Council staff in 1930, he said to the President of the Council, Dr. H. M. Tory, "Cook will succeed me when I leave your staff." When that time came ten years later, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that Cook was the proper choice.

Still a young man, Dr. Cook has already over fifty scientific papers to his credit. His early work in the field of plant biochemistry brought wide recognition. This was succeeded by a long series of contributions on the cold storage of poultry and other meats, which led to his appointment as Canadian representative on the Advisory Research Council of the National Asso-

*John Peacock of the British Ministry of Food, speaking in Edmonton on March 16, paid a fine tribute to Dr. Cook.—Ed.

ciation of Refrigerated Warehouses and the Scientific Advisory Council of the Refrigeration Research Foundation.

When war broke out, a full-scale investigation on the curing of bacon was nearing completion under his leadership. Following the over-running of the Low Countries, Canada was called upon to triple her shipments of bacon. It was Cook who advised the adoption by Canadian packers of the standard curing practice which has protected both the product and Canada's good name in the British market. Again, when submarine warfare played havoc with the refrigerated ships available, it was Cook who designed a new type of refrigerating system, so simple and compact that it can be installed in an ordinary unrefrigerated ship's hold in a few days. Ships so equipped have been safely transporting our bacon to Britain for the past three years.

Dr. Cook foresaw also that the shipping situation might become such as to preclude the transport of whole eggs. When in 1942 the British Ministry of Food asked that only dried eggs be shipped, he had already well in hand the scientific information on which to base the specifications for process and product which have given Canadian dried eggs the highest preference in the British market. It is not surprising that when a British Food mission went to South America in the summer of 1943, they took Dr. Cook along as technical adviser.

When the *Canadian Journal of Research* was reorganized at the beginning of 1944, it was necessary to find an editor-in-chief competent to deal with six separately published sections on physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, medical sciences, and technology. You've guessed it, only "Bill" could fill the bill, so this responsibility was added to his many others. There seems no end to his capacity, or to the distinction he brings his Alma Mater.

PHYLLIS MAY BREWER

B.Sc. (Pharmacy) 1936; M.Sc. (Minnesota)

There may be some who will not recognize the subject of this sketch by her married name; hence she must be identified as the former Phyllis Brewster. Vancouver-born, she came to the University from British Columbia in 1931 with a splendid school record and the determination to study pharmacy. In this she succeeded beyond her rosier expectations, carrying off the University Women's Scholarship in 1932, the Pharmaceutical Association Scholarship in 1935, and the Association's medal in 1936. While at the University, Miss Brewster was a member of Delta Delta Delta and also, of course, of the Pharmacy Club.

Enrolling without delay as a graduate student in the College of Pharmacy at the University of Minnesota, Phyllis later transferred to the Department of Organic Chemistry and won her master's degree within the year. Then, in the late autumn of 1937 came an announcement which must have thrilled her deeply—she had been chosen as the Alberta I.O.D.E. Scholar. By the time of Munich, she had arrived at the University of London. It is a pleasure to record that her work at that famous institution fully justified the decision that had sent her there; in fact so fully that the scholarship was extended. However, by now "that man" had precipitated

the Second World War and London might at any time be bombed, so reluctantly Phyllis accepted the advice to return to Canada. After an adventurous voyage home (the U-boats were already at their deadly work) she reached Edmonton just in time to become an assistant in the School of Pharmacy. So highly was she regarded by the University of London that for a time in mid-1940 it seemed that she might return there, but the Battle of Britain intervened. Phyllis then made her way back to the University of Minnesota, but only half of the road to the Ph.D. had been covered when Fate intervened in the person of an aeronautical engineer, D. C. Brewer. Since her marriage in 1941, Mrs. Brewer has lived at 1240 Country Club Drive, Burbank, California.

DILWORTH WAYNE WOOLLEY

B.Sc. (Arts) 1935; Ph.D. (Wisconsin)

Alberta has many distinguished graduates but if any have merited the term "genius," Wayne Woolley is one of them. Though barely thirty years of age, he has won for himself a position in the foremost rank of biological chemists. Born at Raymond, Alberta, just prior to the commencement of the First World War, he entered the University of Alberta when only 17, a slight, most boyish figure. Even then a first class high-school average bespoke success for him, and this was fully justified. In fact to scan Woolley's record with its prevalence of "nineties" (and some "hundreds") is to have one's faith in human ability somewhat restored. It is nothing short of brilliant, yet his graduation picture might still be that of a rather delicate youth.

Woolley wasted no time. By the autumn of 1935 he had entered on his Ph.D. work at the University of Wisconsin, and since then he has never flagged in his relentless research on the chemical structure and the food requirements of micro-organisms. So outstanding were the results of his "brilliant investigation of the isolation and identification of Vitamin B as an anti-pellagic factor" that in 1938 the American Society of Biological Chemists awarded him the 16th International Physiological Congress Travelling Fellowship. This he held in Switzerland and at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. On his return he held a post-doctorate fellowship at the University of Wisconsin and since that time has been a fellow at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City. The year 1940 was a proud one for him as the citation of the Lilly Research Award shows. This award, comprising a scholarship of \$1,000 and a bronze medal, was won in the face of keen competition, Dr. Woolley having "displayed marked initiative and ability to do outstanding research combining imagination, originality and an unusual maturity of judgment with technical skill and versatility of a high order." It is sad to relate that at this time he was fighting a losing battle with blindness, but it is most inspiring to learn from one of his instructors that he is now more active than ever before. Truly here is one of Alberta's distinguished alumni.

Dr. Woolley resides in New York City.

Alumni Notes

At the February meeting of the Council, treasurer Earl Bowser's report showed that the Henry Marshall Tory Scholarship Fund had reached a total of \$1,783.44. Since the increase during the year is largely due to the payment of life membership fees, I am going to give the names of those who have, from the beginning, so tangibly expressed their loyalty:

Harry Randall Webb '21, '22, Deceased.

Margaret Gold Brine '18, '24, Edmonton.

Edward Hunter Gowan '23, '25, Ph.D., Edmonton.

Thomas William Grindley '24, Ph.D., Winnipeg.

Robert Talbot Hollies '20, '21, Captain, Royal Canadian Engineers.

Arthur Ernest Popple '15, Vancouver.

Maurice Arnold Solberg '31, Carolside, Alberta.

Roland Stansfield Young '28, '30, Ph.D., Rhodesia.

* * * * *

An event of importance to local alumni has been the annual meeting of the Edmonton Branch, presided over by George Bryan '23, K.C. Eminent visitors were: The Honorable Mr. Justice Ford, Chancellor of the University, and Mrs. Ford, Mr. H. H. Parlee, K.C., Chairman of the Board of Governors, and Mrs. W. Parlee, and Dr. Robert Newton, President of the University. In reply to the toast to University men and women overseas proposed by Major H. J. Towerton '13, "Ted" Gowan '23, '25, read selections from overseas letters acknowledging the receipt of cigarettes sent jointly by the Branch and the Students' Union. Dr. Malcolm MacIntyre, Dean of the Faculty of Law, made a deep impression with his paper on "The Rationale of Separate National Sovereignty," which provoked a vigorous discussion. The following new officers were elected: President—Louis Hyndman '27, K.C., Vice-President—Joan (Whitby) Walker '40, Treasurer—Murray Kendrick '42 (Ste. 6, 10815 100th Ave.), Secretary—Nora (McPhail) Corbett '42, Executive members—Sheila (Cameron) Beauchamp '36, Alfred Bramley-Moore '23.

* * * * *

Just now I referred to the cigarettes sent overseas early this winter. Lack of space prevents me from quoting all the acknowledgments that have come, but here are a few of them: From Col. E. B. Wilson '25, '27: "I received *The New Trail*, No. 4, of July '43, yesterday (Feb. 19/44) as it went to Italy, came back to the 2nd Division and eventually caught up with me. . . . I also received 300 Sweet Caps which I appreciated very much. . . . I have seen or heard of a few of the graduates recently. Lieut.-Col. B. J. S. Macdonald '24, '26, of the Essex Scottish, is still doing a good job and looks fine in his kilts. A short time ago I saw his cousin, Major Vance Macdonald '35, RAMC, who had just returned to England after escaping from an Italian prison camp. I used occasionally to see Capt. Harvey Fish '32, '36, RCAMC. . . . My brother, Major W. R. B. Wilson '37, CDC, is stationed in London; occasionally I see Capt. Clarence Campbell, '24, '26 (now Lincoln and Welland Regt.), Major J. T. Huggill '37, '40, RCA, and Lieut.-Col. Ernest Côté '38, Royal 22nd. F/O Dave Sigler '28, '31 is employed in the legal branch of the RCAF; he

told me that F/O Aubs Bright '25 is also in England. . . . Lieut.-Col. E. W. Day '25 is still with the Loyal Edmonton Regt. I know also that Capt. L. G. P. Walker is working with the Canadian Re-Allocation Centre here." From Capt. Ed. Lewis '40: "I wish to thank you for the cigs. They are really appreciated. I see quite a lot of the lads from the University, and we always reminisce about the days we spent there—in many ways we wish we were back taking classes, visiting Tuck, seeing football games, and the like. . . ." From Lieut. J. F. Aitken '42: "It is a gift that I appreciate greatly. It is most gratifying to get this remembrance from the U. of A. whose work in keeping in touch with us is most commendable." . . . From Capt. Clive Stephens '30: "Many thanks . . . also for *The New Trail*. Have met quite a few Alberta grads, chiefly Medical Corps, most of whom I hadn't seen since we went our various ways in 1930. . . . Haven't had any cold weather so far this year—more like early fall at home. The birds sing, and the flowers bloom, and it rains!" From Capt. C. E. B. Coneybeare '41: "Very many thanks . . . I had none left and am just about to go on leave to St. Ives, Cornwall. As I write, the roar of four-engined bombers is shaking the hut. Jerry is going to catch it tonight." From Capt. Al Borrowman '30: "Thank you for your kindness. It is very nice to be remembered after all these years. We are very comfortable here at No. 10, a splendid well-equipped modern hospital in a very beautiful part of England. At the moment we are receiving casualties from Italy. . . . Life here in England is somewhat of a continuous reunion."

* * * * *

Now to some personal items, although there are not as many as I should like to present from the old-timers:

1912-23

Gordon (The Pirate) Kidd '16, Box 236, Drumheller, started the new year with a generous remittance and a few pithy comments as follows: "I always enjoy *the trail*; whether it's spelled with a capital or not, there's a magic influence in the name particularly for a westerner. The latest issue of *The New Trail* is particularly good. There is a talent hidden in some of Alberta's graduates if—perhaps you might find the answer in a catalytic agent or in a list of the fungi. That article of Libby Lloyd's (Mrs. Elsey) is better than you find in magazines with pretensions. Gordon's article too is timely although I take the last paragraph with reservations—but that is possibly the way he meant us to take it. . . This letter—if it can be called such—is too light in texture to use as a vehicle for bringing up arguments, so I'll just stop here!" Thanks for everything, Cap! . . . "The most refreshing thing to note was that Libby Lloyd Elsey has not lost her sense of humor—it seems to grow more mellow," says Archie MacGillivray '21: "I wish you would add to the mailing list R. S. B. 'Sir John' Lillico '20, Dept. of Transport, Prince George, B.C. W. A. 'Swog' Cory, Pharmacy '21, is also out here now; his address is 4812 Pine St., Vancouver. He married Gladiss Johnson '20, who died some years ago. Their oldest boy was shot down and killed over Germany last fall. . . . My own son is a pilot over there now. I also have a daughter going to U.B.C. who may finish in Household Ec. in Alberta." A.D. lives in Vancouver at 3457 W. 24th. . . . My next note records the fact that Lieut.-Col "Bill" Henry

'21 is Officer Commanding the Army Medical Staff at the new Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary. His brother-in-law, Lieut. A. Parker Kent '35, is at present completing a staff course at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Camberley, England. . . . Bert Rudd '23, '25, '35, of 5409 Knight Road, Vancouver (previously Chairman of the Lethbridge committee), says: "I had a delightful visit a short time ago with Dr. Terry Agnew '28, having bought the practice of the late Dr. Zigler who was associated with Dr. E. A. (Ted) Johnson '28. He listed the following Meds as in practice here: McKenzie Morrison '35, Ernie Campbell '26, R. K. (Bob) Brynildsen '31, Gerald Burke '32, '35 (Orthopaedics), C. E. Davies '27 (Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat), H. N. C. Begg '28, and Raymond Rush '25, '29 (both Shaughnessy Military Hospital), Meyer Halperin '31, T. R. Harmon '35, Alex. T. Johnston '32, Alice Joyce McDonald '26, '33 (Cancer Institute), Alex. Agnew and Ed. Trowbridge '28, '32, both in the Army here. Outside of Vancouver are the following: Bob Wrinch '22, D. J. M. Crawford '27, Mike Krause '26, William Leonard '29 in Trail; C. G. McNeill '41 in Hope; Andy Wilson '27 in Chilliwack; and Bert Wright '29 in Peace River. Hazel Van Buren, Law '23, is with the Canada Life in New Westminster. I hope to see Stan Barker '26 soon." Many, many thanks, Bert, for this fine budget of news!

1924-1929

Bob '24 and Mrs. Baker (née Mary Main) are now located at Dryden, New York, which is only ten miles from Cornell. They issue a cordial invitation to Albertans who may be in the neighborhood to look them up. . . . I am indebted to Mr. F. R. F. McKittrick of Bay Tree, Alberta, for the information that Jean McKittrick Thurlow '25 has gone to live at 40 Hemlock St., St. Thomas, and that Eva McKittrick '22 is now residing at 106 Glenlake Ave., Toronto. . . . Jack Howe '25 of Hope Gardens, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., looks forward to each issue to see what the graduates of the "two-bit" class are doing. He says: "I was put on food production work shortly after war started and now have charge of the livestock work for the Island." . . . Another member of this class, Wes Watts '25, '28, '33, writes on the letterhead of the State of New York Dept. of Mental Hygiene in part as follows: "New York has done well by us. They have given us a really beautiful institution. Should any stranger pass this way from Alberta, I do wish he would call me up. The number is Haverstraw 731, and the location is 40 miles up the Hudson River from New York. The location is rural—believe it or not, we have had deer grazing in our back yard." The address of this delectable spot is Box 53, Letchworth Village, Thiells, Rockland Co., N.Y. . . . Nowadays it is a rare event to be visited by alumni from out-of-town, so I enjoyed a chat with Dr. J. A. Anderson '26, '28 a while ago. After finding that he is now in Winnipeg (876 Grain Exchange Bldg.), I went on to "pick his brains" about other alumni, as is my persistent habit. He said that Bill Hanna '22, '23 who went overseas in command of an RCAF squadron early in the war is now a high ranking officer of that service in Ottawa and that Jack Hopkins '29, '31 is overseas in the same branch of the armed forces. . . . Inger Riis Hale '29 of Sylvan Lake, Alberta, is no longer in what she calls "the neglectful majority." Her kind words and enclosure on behalf

of herself and Capt. E. G. Hale '40, Royal Canadian Artillery, are most welcome. . . . "Perhaps you should deliberately misspell names or addresses to gain corrective replies," says Peter Kilburn '29 of 231 Wolseley Ave., Montreal West. He continues: "I have been in Montreal since my graduation and have wondered in recent years how many of my classmates have passed through here in the restless traffic of wartime. I saw John Rule '31, '32 the other day, and since the outbreak of war recall pleasant reunions with the Haltons (Jean '29 and Matt '29), 'Skiv' Edwards '33, Roger Harding '29, and Dave Sigler '28, '31. Bob Hill '29 and Jack ('24, '27) and Mona ('28) Gerrie are in Montreal as you no doubt know. I saw Bill Auxier's ('27, '29) trail at the University Club, but he had left before I could catch up with him. I realize that uncommunicative readers are not much help. Hence this outburst. Good luck!" Good to hear from you, Pete! Other members of the silent audience please imitate.

1930-1936

Rev. Harold Ricker '30, '34 of Bentley, Alberta, finds much of interest in this magazine "even though many of the names are now new to us." Mrs. Ricker was Janet Cain '32. . . . My guess about a Commerce '31 alumna proved to be correct: Mrs. L. F. Stokes (née Jean Reed) has been repatriated to Canada from Shanghai although her husband was not allowed to return with her. She writes from P.O. Box 11, North Lonsdale, B.C., to say: "It is a treat to have some connection with the University again after such a long time away." . . . I should like to quote F/L Max Crosbie '33, '36 at length, but can only pass on his personal notes. He has seen "Walter Love '34, Stephen Carr '33, '35, Morley Tuttle '32, '37, Gordon Wilson '40, Gardner Craig '42—all medicals. Lorne Oatway '41 and I get together for a week-end occasionally. Cal Fairbanks '37 and I represented Alberta at the last meeting of the London local of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists. He is a captain in the RCA. Dave French '40 has made a name for himself in ops. and is now a Wing-Commander leading a Canadian Bombing Squadron—one for the Ags!" Your message was duly passed on to A.S., Max—write again, do! . . . John Durno '34 writes from Suite 5, Niagara Apts., Calgary: "You might be interested to know that P/O D. B. Coutts '35 has recently been posted to Bermuda and that Sgt. F. S. Dewis, a navigator with the RCAF, has probably commenced his tour of operations." . . . Blame the necessity of secrecy perhaps for the brevity of a note from James A. McCoubrey '34. It reveals only that he is in the Research Laboratory of Shawinigan Chemicals, Shawinigan Falls, P.Q. . . . Another of my rare visitors was Dr. Geoff Miller '34, '36, radio engineer for the National Research Council at Ottawa (92 Renfrew Ave.). Others he mentioned there are E. F. V. Robinson '39 (a Scout's three fingers to you, Eric!), E. F. "Nick" Pattenson '39, and F. R. Park '36. I also learned that Geoff's sister, Louise '31, is Principal of the High School at Thessalon, Ontario, and that his brother Carl '35, '36, Ph.D. (1961 Ferronia Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota), is engaged in chemical research for the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company. . . . Eddie Y. Wing '36 writes to say that since leaving Edmonton some five and a half years ago, he has lost contact (afraid you didn't let us know where to send *The New Trail*, Eddie!). Since taking

a Master's Degree at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1942, he has been on war work, first engineering and then his own métier, architecture, with the U.S. Navy. His address is 510 South 3rd St., Wilmington, N.C. . . . Another applied scientist of 1936, H. N. Hewitt '40, Coleman, Alberta, speaks admiringly of "your valiant effort to keep *The New Trail* moving into the hands of its reader" (which warms our hearts, Harry!), and continues: "I left the Sudbury Hydro Electro Commission in July, 1942, and came back west to the International Coal and Coke Co. as assistant engineer to A. A. Fraser, a civil graduate of '24." Hi, Art! . . . This section closes by recording that C. L. "Chet" Lambertson '37 is studying towards his Ph.D. at the University of Toronto and lecturing in English to keep the wolf from the door of 13 Washington Ave., Toronto 5.

1937-1939

W. H. "Bill" Bury '37, who apparently can be addressed Court House Bldg., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., "while on a weapon course at Long Branch, Ontario, in November had several chats with Lieutenants Bill Pryde '39 and Fred Bainbridge '35. Their respective addresses were then RCE, Petawawa Camp, and Chemical Warfare Lab., Ottawa. It would be worth your while to watch the grads go by in the Union Station, Toronto. Last spring I saw Jack Dunlap's wife (née Carmon McRae '38) on duty in the information circle there; she should have some tales to tell." . . . On the last day but one of 1943 a pleasing shat with W. L. Redmond '37 of 15 B Allen Ave., Kirkland Lake, Ont. He spoke of Walter Selnes '26, '27, c/o Lakeshore Gold Mines, Kirkland Lake, Russell Boyd '39 (formerly R. B. Trupchak) at an army training centre at Brockville, Steve Homulos '37 also in the army, and remarked that Stewart Bothwell '31, '35 had left Pickle Crow, Ont. Who knows where he and Mrs. B. (née Ruth Cushing '31) are presently located? . . . Flora Macleod's ('37, '39) letter was as brief as its contents were generous, so I can only say "Thanks a lot!" and pass on her address, viz., 3018 Glencoe Road, Calgary. . . . Dr. Taylor Evans '37, '38 is well settled down at Guelph in the Research Labs. of the Dominion Rubber Co., Ltd. He says: "After each *New Trail* I get in touch with the other Albertans, Marshall Kulka '35, '36, and Doug. Arbuckle '41. I believe the O.C. at the air school here is an Alberta grad., namely Group Capt. Williams [Would this be D.G., '33, '35?]. There's also an engineer, about '37, working for Shell Oil in the neighborhood." (An owlsh "Who, Who?" from the Sec!.) . . . "I am now teaching Grade IX at Crescent Heights H.S., Calgary," says Margaret Humphries '38, "having worked my way south from Grande Prairie and Wetaskiwin." Her address is 3437 Elbow Drive. . . . Capt. Nelson Nix, RCAMC, is solidly for the "connection with the old U. provided by this publication." "I am sure," he says, "that *The New Trail* is an essential for those on active duty." . . . From 190 Bergen Place, Red Bank, N.J., Vince Rideout '38 writes on behalf of himself and Mrs. R. (née Gertrude Ellert '38): "We have two sons, Vincent Leo and Chester Bernard. I am still engaged in radio research with the Bell Telephone Laboratories." . . . Congratulations to these RCAF medical officers on recent promotions: Wing Commanders Jack Goddard '38 and Jack Lees '38, Squadron Leaders

Doug. Wallace '40, Hugh McIntyre '39, Kenneth Young '40, and Eliot Cohen '40. There's no holding Albertans!

1940-1943

Perhaps you haven't realized what a job remains to be done on this magazine after Mrs. Donnan and her skilled helpers have printed and bound it. There's a heap of stencilling addresses or gumming of addressed labels to be done not to speak of counting, bundling, and bag-filling. However, the dispatch of our last issue seems to have been just right according to J. A. Turner '40, Meteorological Office, Western Air Command, J.S.H.Q., 4th Ave. West, Vancouver: "I don't know whether there was any planned psychology behind it, but *The New Trail* arrived simultaneously with my monthly stipend." Thanks for the portion of that stipend which accompanied your letter, Jack. . . . R. L. Hannay '40, Chapman Camp, B.C., finds this magazine a very important link with friends now spread out to the four corners of the earth. . . . "I've been here for nearly two years now," says Captain Francis S. Johnson '40 of Apt. 307, 2321 Lincoln Road N.S., Washington, D.C. When he left Edmonton, Frank was headed for meteorological work with the U.S. Army. . . . Just after writing the notes for the January issue, I had an interesting visitor in the person of Sub-Lieut. D. W. Clark '41, '43, RCNVR (S.B.). He spoke of several other recent graduates, namely, Sub-Lieutenants Tom Cardell '43 and Stan Reiten '43, both with him on HMCS ———; of C. K. Bridgeman '41, 86 Peterboro St., Toronto; of H. B. Miller '42 of 130 South College St., Sarnia, Ont. (with Imperial Oil Co.); and of Roger G. Young '43 (with the Aluminum Co. of Canada), c/o Staff House, Arvida, P.Q. This oldish stay-at-home gets a big lift out of such visits! . . . The Mediterranean Force went in for some snappy Christmas airgraphs. One from Sgt. C. A. Weeks '42, "Somewhere in Italy," bore his satisfied remark, "The oranges here are great!" Three fingers to you also, Clarence. . . . Lieut. Jack Reynolds '42, in a letter to Professor Pitcher from which I am allowed to quote, "went overseas in a cabin designed for two which held twenty-two. My title now is F.E. 2; F.E. 1 is Lieut. Don Livingstone '39, and our colonel is J. R. B. Jones '35. Major Deryk Berry looked very fit and prosperous the last time I saw him. J. D. Van Kleek '39 is in Italy, a captain with the 5th Div. We hope to drop into the mining lab. again before too many years elapse." . . . Wren Louise McAulay '42, RCNVR, finds Naval Intelligence quite a change after the humdrum of the alumni desk in this office, but does her duty as an alumna more than adequately as follows: "I am sure half of Edmonton is here in this building. . . . Percy Powers '39 was telling me today that N. C. (Spike) McKernan '40 is now a sub-lieutenant in the Works & Bldgs. Dept.; Eugene McPherson '39 is also a sub-lieut. (S.B.). I have discovered Ed. Green '35, '36 in the next office and Lewis Thomas '34, '35 down the hall. Gus Engbloom '43 is at H.Q. . . . I saw Brian Gore '42 going by on a bike—he must be at Army H.Q. . . . *The Gateway* comes regularly and is much appreciated, also *The New Trail*. The U. of A. really looks after its graduates and members in the services—and, judging by the envious comments of girls from other universities, it's one of the few that does." The Cock o' the North crows again!

In closing, may I offer my services in forwarding mail to service personnel where their addresses, for obvious reasons, are not given in these notes. I am sure I speak for all of us here at the University in saying "God-speed" to our fellow members in the forces. For the moment, then, au 'voir.

Sincerely,

GEOFF.

Between Ourselves

(To Graduates Only)

University of Alberta,
March, 1940.

Dear Fellow Alumni:

The fact that your loyalty to our Association has been expressed in tangible monetary form leads me to believe that you may be interested in its affairs. For this reason I am addressing a brief account of the February Council to you. This was the fifth annual occasion on which the nineteen-member group had met since reorganization in 1939-40. Previous to that time there had been a much smaller executive group which had theoretically reported to an Annual Meeting. I say "theoretically" because the ridiculously small attendance made each meeting nothing less than a farce. Personally, the participation in these later gatherings for the last five years has given me a feeling that at last we are getting somewhere.

The first question I shall answer is, "Who are the directors?" Well, those who were able to be present on February 12 were Marian Gimby, Lawrence Alexander (Calgary), Kenneth Argue, Earl Bowser, George Bryan, Lawrence Cairns, Sylvan Hillerud, Kenneth McDermid (Calgary), Angus McGugan, Herbert Rawlinson, William Swift, and myself. Unfortunately absent were President Guthrie Sanford, Vice-President Hugh John Macdonald (both of whom, by the way, are members of the Senate and Board of Governors), J. T. Cuyler (Medicine Hat), G. C. Paterson (Lethbridge), Clarence Husband (Canadian Dental Corps), John Markle (Camrose), Harry Wilton-Clark (Drumheller), Norman Priestley (Calgary), Norman Lewis (Calgary), and James McMillan (Calgary).

Now you can imagine that there were many time-consuming details to take care of, but I shall not bore you with them. There were some inspiring highlights, however. Lawrence Alexander and Ken McDermid took turns in telling us of the renaissance of the Calgary Branch and in voicing their desire to have the University publicized there by speakers from the faculty. George Bryan spoke of the financial alliance with the Students' Union which resulted in more than 100,000 cigarettes going overseas last fall. (You ought to read the cards and letters that come daily to my desk, to appreciate THAT undertaking!) There were encouraging reports from the local committees at Medicine Hat and Lethbridge and a statement about the newest committee at Two Hills that

provoked applause. I'd like to commend this group to others in the smaller centres throughout the province for meeting, organizing, and collecting 100% of fees within three months! Further, I'd like to add that this illustrates a fundamental policy of the Council, namely, to stimulate the formation of such loosely-knit groups throughout this wide province, in order to bring the University, its accomplishments, and its needs, to the attention of the general public.

In pursuing this policy, it has become evident that the representation of local groups upon the governing body is essential. To carry this out we spent a considerable part of the five-hour session on what is practically a new constitution. And there is where you come in. Unless a majority of the members in good standing approve this new constitution by May 15, it lapses. WE WANT YOU TO VOTE ON IT. At the back of this issue you will find an insert including a ballot. Will you carry your loyalty one step further, to the extent of reading the outline and then of casting your vote? With all the emphasis at my command I urge you to lend your support to what is, we think, a worthwhile endeavor.

How I wish you could have had lunch with us that day, as guests of the University. You would have been tremendously impressed by the fraternal attitude of President Newton as he took us widely into his confidence and by the kindly welcome extended by our Chancellor, Mr. Justice Ford. It was good to be there!

Thanks so much for your patience, and believe me to be

Yours sincerely,

G.B. Taylor



PROCLAMATION!

A Challenge by the Engineers

BEER YE! BEER YE! BEER YE!

WHEREAS the general idea on this campus seems to be the raising of shekels for the I.S.S., and

WHEREAS there ain't no Engineer who is going to take a back seat to no one, and

WHEREAS we still "Don't give a damn for any damn man":

THEREFORE let it be known that Alberta's Honored collection of Slide Rule Pushers, better known as the Engineering Students' Society, do hereby challenge any other faculty to try and scrape together as many chips as they do; and

FURTHERMORE, the loser (or losers) are to chip in an extra twenty-five simoleons in the pot to be credited to the score of the winner, and

FURTHER, all and sundry faculties of this here University who accept this challenge are to so declare it, and

WHAT'S MORE, you'll have a job on your hands.

SIGNED, sealed, published and delivered this 18th day of February, A.D. 1944, by the Engineering Students' Society of the University of Alberta.



BANFF

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

JULY 26
TO
AUGUST 26
1944

Under the joint direction of the
Institute of Technology and Art,
Calgary, and the Department of
Extension, University of Alberta

THEATRE, ART, MUSIC, HANDICRAFTS
ORAL FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL

